



INDUCING WOMAN TO DEMOBILIZE

VERY few things have been in their usual places during the last few years—women least of all. Everybody has been doing everybody else's work, and people who in all their lives had never worked at all have been as industrious as bees. Women who ordinarily spent their lives in the drawing-room have been passing their days in the kitchen—not in their own homes, perhaps, but in canteens in France, Red Cross Stations, or Y. M. C. A. huts.

Other women who ordinarily—praise be to Allah—were content to employ their hours in the concoction of all sorts of delectable things in the kitchen, have transferred their energies to munition factories. Little maids who hitherto spent their days white capped and aproned, turned into elevator boys and conductorettes. Women who made hats and delicate embroideries learned to fashion aeroplane wings. In fact, every woman has been doing something she never did before, and to the consternation of nations, she seems greatly disinclined to return to doing the things she used to do.

In consequence, the drawing-room seems in

imminent danger of becoming deserted, and the kitchen of being permanently occupied by alien enemies of all household comfort. As for summer hats and frocks, the insistent problem of whose deft fingers are to fashion them is whitening the hair of the proprietors of smart shops, who find their workrooms occupied—when occupied at all—by people to whom the properties of chiffon are unknown and wiring bows is as mysterious as the Sphinx.

DOES THE OLD ORDER RETURN?

In all this great upheaval of the world, so much has become greatly different from all our preconceived ideas, that one wonders whether the old ordered life will ever return. Women, in particular, have faced such novel experiences, entered upon such interesting work, will they ever consent to return to their old ways? Many of them have had the experience of doing things women have never done before; some women have also experienced the trials of doing things that others once had to do for them.

Common sense and serious thought are needed in this unprecedented situation, or the evil will overbalance the good of the change. Novelty is a very nice thing to begin with, but nothing remains a novelty very long. It would be wise for women to stop and think just what the novel things they are doing now will be like when they become a routine. Will the new thing, when it becomes the old thing, really be better than the old thing was?

It is hard to see why a young and daintily neat woman should prefer the peaked cap of an elevator boy to a bit of snowy lace and linen on her hair, why the factory surpasses the kitchen, provided working conditions are equal.

Inevitably, it would seem, the work of woman must return to woman. And the erstwhile woman of leisure has learned in these years to employ leisure to advantage. She will use in the conduct of her household, in the training of her children, and in all her widened interests, the sane, broad outlook upon life which she acquired when rank and personality were merged in common service.

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Costumes

Three Street Frocks with Novel Lines - - -	42
Gowns Which Display Their French Charms -	43
Evening Gowns Still Pursue Elaborate Careers	44
Paris Puts the War Out of Mind - - - -	49-52
Dressing on a War Income - - - - -	72-73

Miscellaneous Fashions

Hats and Parasols Go Hand in Hand - - -	38-39
Large and Small Summer Hats from Mercedes	40
Millinery from Mary's Hat Shop - - - -	41
Bathing Suits Designed by Claire Avery -	45
The Charming Ways of Practicality on a Motor Trip - - - - -	70-71

Society

Mrs. Sidney Fish - - - - -	Frontispiece
Miss Mary Cass Canfield - - - - -	58
New York Is Appreciative of Its French Ally	59
Three Beautiful English Women of Rank -	60

The Fine Arts

Art - - - - -	61
Seen on the Stage - - - - -	62-63

Decoration

Putting New Colour in the Country House -	35-37
The Home of Mr. William M. Elkins - - -	46-47
Beautiful Walls and Flowers of a California Garden - - - - -	48
President Wilson's Home in Paris - - - -	56-57
Mrs. Harold Pratt's Garden at Glen Cove, L. I.	64
Two Little Cottages Which Promise a Châ- teau - - - - -	65-67
The Green Enchantment of the Seven Hills -	68-69
Outer Trappings for Country House Windows	74-75
The Decoration of Summer Camps - - - -	76-78
The Sleeping Porch of Eugene Rodman Ship- pen, Esq. - - - - -	79

Special Features

The Gentle Art of Drinking Tea - - - - -	53
The Reawakening Social Life of Paris - - -	54-55
Advice to the Lovelorn - - - - -	80-81
A Plea for Indoor Golf - - - - -	82



DEMEYER

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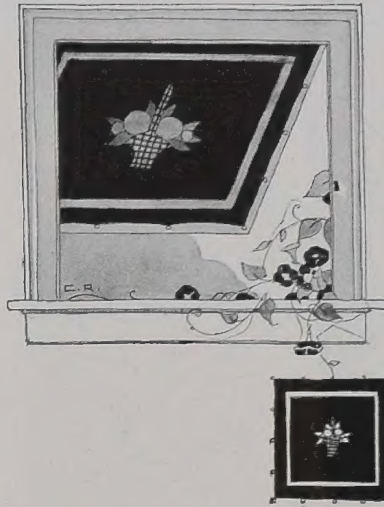
Baron de Meyer

MRS. SIDNEY FISH

Mrs. Sidney Fish, who before her marriage was Miss Olga Wiborg, occupies an interesting place in social activities. She is a daughter of Mr. Frank B. Wiborg and a sister of Mrs. Gerald C. Murphy and Miss Mary Hoyt Wiborg. Her husband, Cap-

tain Sidney Fish, has returned only recently after being in the Overseas Service. The war made other demands upon the immediate family of Mrs. Fish, as her sister, Miss Mary Wiborg, has been doing hospital work in France during the last year

The small window which opens out and does not take kindly to either awning or shade, responds to this simple method of attaching an awning cloth to the window itself with rings or round-headed tacks. This may be as decorative or as plain as one pleases, and removed at will



PUTTING NEW COLOUR IN THE COUNTRY HOUSE

THE delightful adventure of home-making continues to be a source of constant interest. At this time of year hostesses are naturally thinking of returning soldiers and increasing cheer, and they want their country homes to be especially attractive for entertaining.

TRANSFORMING OLD FURNITURE

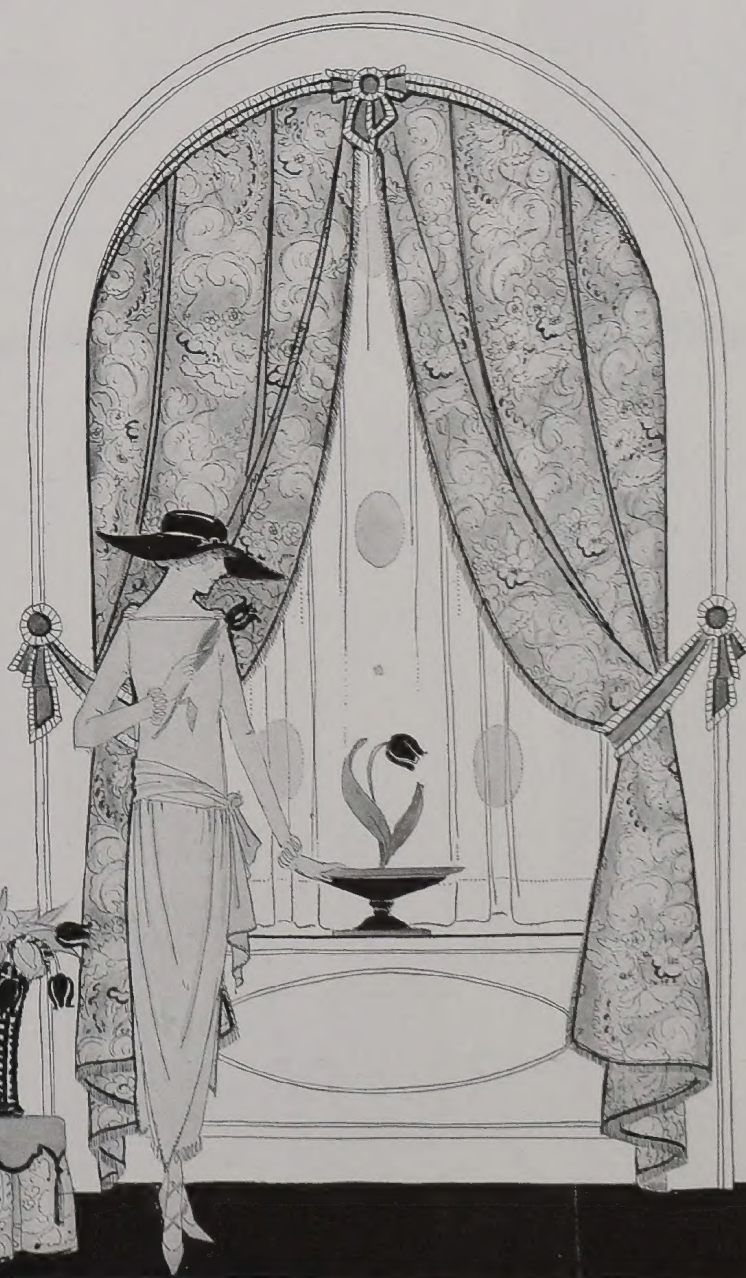
In searching about for ways to give the country house some fresh touches without great expenditure, one could wish for no better luck than to find a shop which makes a specialty of taking an old piece of cast-off furniture and transforming it into a thing of beauty. The methods sound simple enough, but the effect is miraculous. That unsightly golden oak bureau with its swinging mirror and no end of unnecessary knobs and scrolls has its trimmings removed and its ugly brass handles, as well. It is scraped, painted, and decorated and comes out an enchanting commode with a separate mirror to hang above.

A good antique piece is usually used as a model. One very satisfactory result was obtained by painting a bureau in Venetian green with a formal flower-basket design, all done with exquisite workmanship. The price of a metamorphosis of this sort is only \$55. Indeed, a whole bedroom set, consisting of bed, side table, chairs, and a chest of drawers with a separate mirror, may be decorated for \$150.

Of course, one is not restricted to a single colour scheme or design. Any sort of colour plan that one fancies may be used,

Painted Furniture and Curtains of Gay
Chintz or Frilly Dotted Swiss Do Wonders
In the way of Spring Transformations

Sketches by Claire Avery



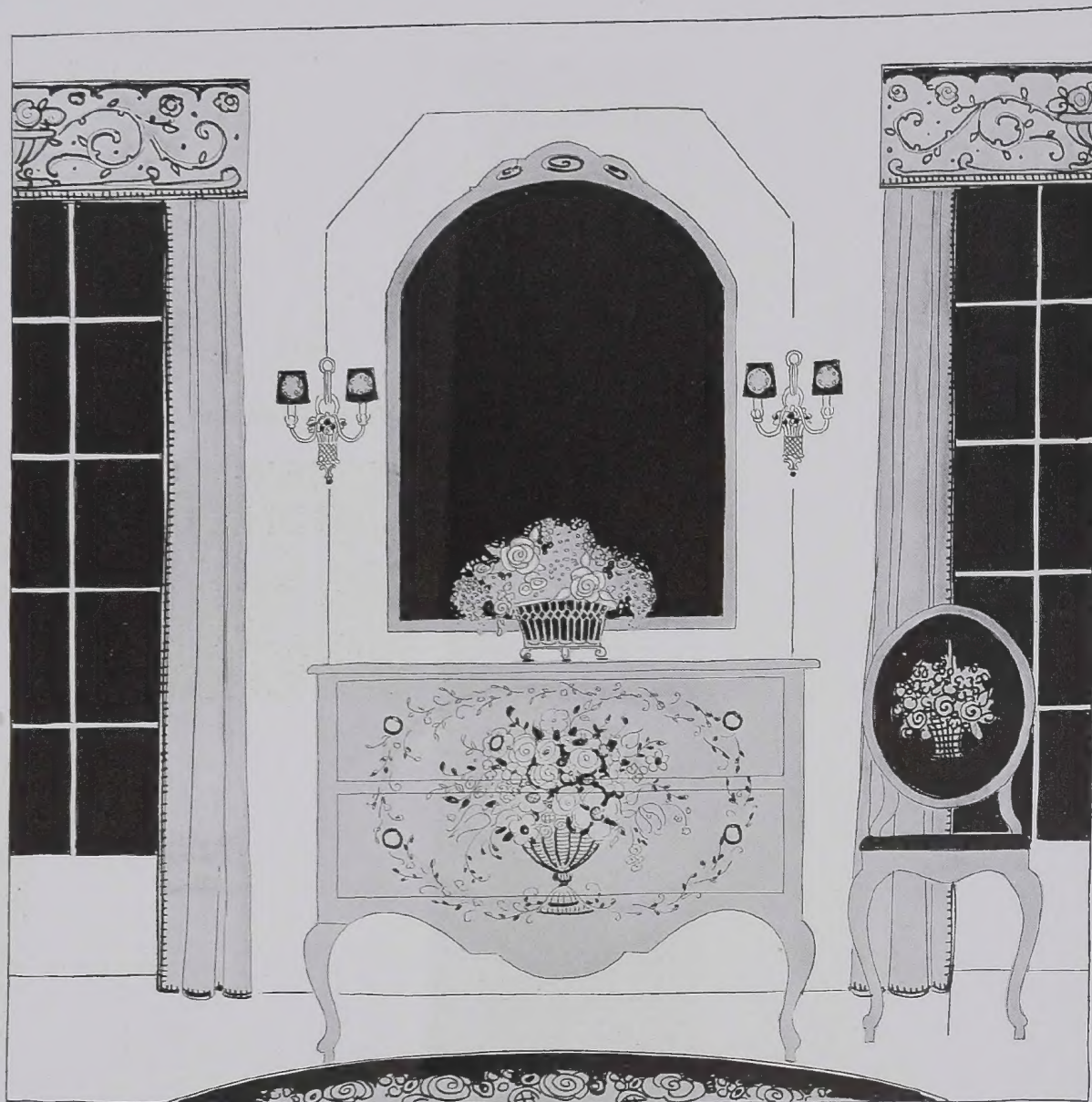
and there are innumerable designs from which to choose. The advantage of a really well-made piece of old furniture is not to be underestimated, for the cabinetwork is often above reproach, though as much may not be said for the taste. The piece which has been merely endurable may now be transformed by a magic brush into a thing of rare beauty. The method is not the ordinary sort of painting which one may find in any shop; the designs are unique, and the workmanship is that of a finished craftsman.

PAINTED FURNITURE

If the question of painted furniture, which always seems most appropriate for the country house, is to be solved by buying altogether new pieces, a charming choice would be a bed, commode, night-table, and small chairs built along Directoire lines and beautifully decorated in colour. In this set, the combination of delicate robin's egg blue with touches of salmon pink in the grooves of the carving is little short of irresistible. An unusual note is the marbling of the top of the commode and the small night-table, both done in that same soft salmon colour. The price of the bed is \$100, the commode, \$100, and the bedside table, \$48.

On the bed one may use salmon pink taffeta piped with robin's egg blue. If one wished to avoid the expense of taffeta, sateen would be nearly as effective; this comes at 85 cents a yard. In one blue and salmon colour room there were touches of tête de nègre in the screen

The knotty problem of treating arched windows is attractively solved by using this new chintz with its delicate flower and feather designs in apricot and rose on a French blue ground. The hangings follow the line of the window-frame and are finished with plaitings of apricot sateen. With tie-backs and rosettes at either side and a little bow at the top, all in blue sateen with orange plaitings, the effect is indeed charming



(Below) This looped valance was suggested by the quaint window treatment still surviving at Mt. Vernon. Heavy French taffeta of green and white checks outlined in red, is combined with red silk. The scheme has also been carried out in checked gingham with plain linen valances

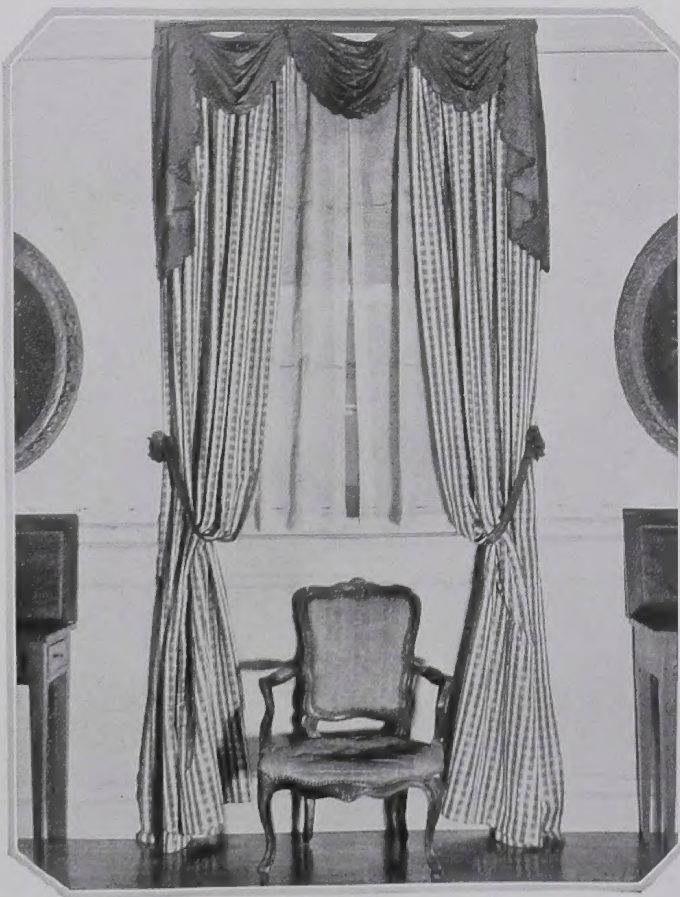
and the tall lamp bases, and a small slipper chair was given a plain satin slip-cover of the same tone.

Toile de Jouy in delicately etched sepia tones on a natural linen ground was used for the window-curtains with glass-curtains of salmon coloured china silk. The Toile de Jouy comes 31 inches wide at \$1.80 a yard, and the china silk, 30 inches wide, at \$1.50.

THE NEW CHINTZES

Attractive new fabrics play an important part in the springtime rejuvenation. The chintz illustrated at the bottom of page 35 has a delicate design of feathers with boldly patterned flowers in rose and apricot on a French blue ground; it comes 31 inches wide at \$3.40 a yard. To go with this, smart glass-curtains might be made of self-striped orange sundour, which comes 50 inches wide at \$3.75 a yard. The chintz lends itself most happily to the usually difficult treatment of arched windows, and it is charming with platings and tie-backs of orange and blue sateen.

Batik effects are striking a new



A delightful transformation has made an unsightly bureau into a Venetian green commode with a separate mirror. Above the gold sateen curtains at the long French windows, straight valances of chintz carry out a flower-basket design that is charming in the informal morning-room or boudoir

note in decorative fabrics. These come in a variety of designs and colours simulating that interesting wax art of batik and printed on a cotton ground. A particularly lovely one is a warm rust colour with dark blue in the design. It would be pleasing on comfortable wicker chairs painted a midnight blue, or used with this same colour combination for curtains and ruffled valances in a simple cottage dining-room with rush-seated ladder-back chairs. This rust colour batik chintz comes 30 inches wide at \$1 a yard.

Another fabric similar to this but even more closely allied to batik work, has an all-over blue and brown design on a cream ground. This is also 30 inches wide and costs \$1 a yard. Many more such designs are to be had, daring and vivid, but excellent in the resultant effect.

COTTAGE CURTAINS

Very light-weight gingham are faithful and serviceable materials for cottage decorations. One small green design on a white ground makes one think of casement windows and pots of flowering plants;

it comes 27 inches wide at 85 cents a yard. Several other designs of this fabric may be had at the same price. A small yellow and white check and a small green and white check with nosegays of brightly coloured flowers are among the attractive ones. The curtains should be made with a narrow two-inch ruffle and looped back with a fold of material, edged with a still narrower ruffle.

DOTTED SWISS WITH FRILLS

Nothing, of course, is more delicate or spring-like than dotted Swiss. This may be had with a white dot or with a small dot in blue, rose, or mauve. If a coloured dot be chosen, a pleasant way of edging the little frilly curtains—frills go hand in hand with Swiss—is to use a plain colour to match the dot in the fashion illustrated at the top of this page. The Swiss comes 31 inches wide at \$1.95 a yard. A handkerchief linen, which might be used for edging, may be had in every conceivable shade at \$1.25 a yard, 36 inches wide. This combination of dotted Swiss in colour makes the most attractive and dainty of dressing-tables, with a painted mirror hung above and lamps shaded with dainty coloured organdie to match the colour predominating in the room.

A peach colour linen of heavy weave with blue painted furniture is a pleasing combination; this linen comes a yard wide at \$1.50 a yard. Perhaps the most interesting of the new linens is a plain rust colour. With grey green furniture on which a conventional design of vivid blue and rust colour is painted, and with one or two of the small pieces painted that same new colour, this would create a cool restful living-room. It would also combine happily with the rust colour batik chintz to be used at the windows and as a slip cover for a big davenport. The linen comes 45 inches wide at \$1.50 a yard.

PAINTED SHADES

There is a renewed interest in painted window shades, a revival of an old Japanese art. Instead of glazed chintz, which is always effective and of which many designs are available, a painted shade may have a fantastic scene or a decorative motif of any sort one pleases. These are made to order and depend upon the style and the type of workmanship as to price. They should be used in connection with plain curtains, as a chintz with a design would detract from the desired effect. It is well to make the curtains with a valance, thus hiding unsightly rods.

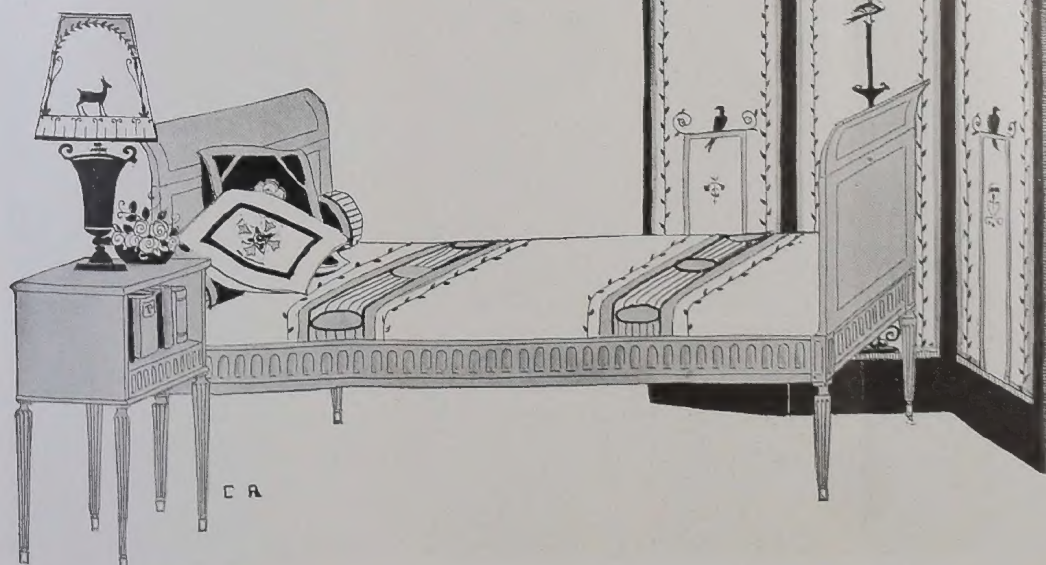
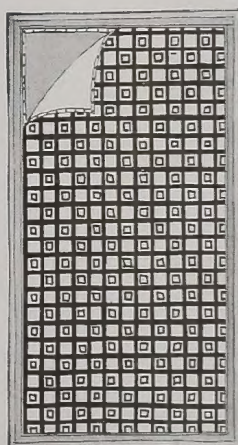
With the painted shades, a shade-pull is very smart. This may be either a simple long tassel in a colour to harmonize with the shade, or one of the new decorative painted shade-pulls, which come at \$1.25 each. Bits of jade and single crystal balls on coloured cords are also used for this purpose.

At a recent Chinese entertainment, a clever method of hiding lighting fixtures was introduced. A box-like covering of rice-paper with an Oriental scenic design in delicate tones of grey was fitted over the entire fixture and fastened directly on the wall. The idea offers numberless possibilities, especially for rented country houses where it is not practicable to remove inappropriate fixtures.



Nothing is more appropriate for country house bedrooms than frilly dotted Swiss curtains. When the dots are blue, rose, or mauve, the frills may be edged in a corresponding colour. A painted shade with a band of colour and a gay urn of flowers is a new and interesting departure

(Left) Yvette Guilbert suggested this original idea of putting up a nursery or bedroom wall covering in panels which may be removed to the tub and snapped back into place when laundered. A yellow and white block chintz 31 inches wide is \$1 a yard



A bedroom set painted robin's egg blue with touches of salmon pink in the grooves of the carving is a distinguished example of the charm of painted furniture for country houses. The night-table has its top marbled in salmon pink, and the same shade is repeated in the fantastic design of the screen with a tête de nègre border. The Directoire lamp is of dark brown tôle with a design in sepia painted on its salmon pink shade



DEMMEYER

(Right) She gazes pensively from beneath the brim of her leghorn hat, which makes her think of those delightful garden-parties in England before the war and long summer afternoons soon to come. One pink and one black satin rose nestle in the skunk fur that encircles the crown, and the brim is faced in flesh colour Georgette crêpe. It is longer in the front than at the back, and the round crown is a bit higher.



(Left, above) A merry little fog blue ostrich plume falls over the upturned brim of this leghorn hat, and she carries a rose silk parasol for shade's sake. A rabbit's head of carved ivory finishes the malacca stick. Typically English is the stiff sailor of old India print in natural dull colours faced with navy blue liséré. Sheer silk roses and coloured wheat are its trimmings; models on this page from Thurn and Marie Louise.

FUR-TRIMMED LEGHORN HATS

AND SILKEN PARASOLS WILL

GO TO GARDEN-PARTIES

AN ENGLISH SAILOR AND

HATS OF NET AND ORGANDIE

FOR THE FROCKS OF SUMMER



(Below) The obliging black hat which adapts itself to all summer costumes is of net with shaggy pompons of ostrich in varying clipped and unclipped lengths covering the crown. What lovelier contrast than a Japanese parasol of orchid silk painted with apple and cherry-blossoms?; from Gidding; posed by Tessa Kosta

(Below) For still another summer day is this hat of rough straw braid and cord in sapphire blue, at once naive and clever. The braid appears like spokes of a wheel on the slightly mushroom shape. On the sapphire velvet ribbon that falls in streamers are placed two simple rows of golden-eyed field daisies. The hat is from Gidding



Bruno de Meyer

Organdie hats and organdie frocks and cool green tulle parasols are among the privileges of summer. Of pale blue organdie is the hat above, and the draped crown is tied with an organdie band that is run with hemstitching and made into a soft bow and loop ends at one side. The parasol is little more than two airy ruffles on a malacca stick; from Louise; posed by Tessa Kosta



MERCEDES CONTRIVES SUMMER HATS

WHICH, LARGE OR SMALL, ARE PAR-

TIAL TO BURNT GOOSE OR PICTURE

BRIMS OR, NOW AND THEN, TO BOTH



Nothing in the infinite realm of head-gear is quite as saucy and as satisfyingly pert as a turban, and summer brings one the opportunity of wearing a smart little affair fashioned of a thin weave of leghorn in the new copper colour. Strands of burnt goose whisk their way around from a back which gives the effect of being higher than the front. And then, of course, for the sake of those arch and sidelong glances so necessary to a perfect summer afternoon, one will want the large hat below it, made with a double brim of horsehair straw. Between the two brims, airy and uneven strands of burnt goose dart out capriciously

The very coy person at the top of the sketch is simply looking the way all very coy persons would be expected to look under the brim of a hat of Japanese grass-cloth in black, run with embroidery in dull Oriental colourings. Around the brim is a green satin sash that slips through green jade rings at one side and flutters into fringe. Experience has proved that the best thing to do with an upward glance is to put it under a large mushroom-shaped hat, such as that sketched below, in black Milan straw, trimmed with a long slant of glycerine ostrich



Willowy graces are inevitably heightened by a wide generous shape of black milan straw with a glowing taffeta facing in rose colour. About the edge of the rim, black Chantilly lace falls softly and makes a most becoming frame for the face. A band of black satin envelops the crown, tying into long bows at the front in a new and favoured way



Comparisons are not odious when such fair, large, pensive ears are of velvet in the favoured French blue, and poise themselves on a tight little hornet's nest of a milan turban of the same colour. One sees also that the hat may fit quite low and straight over the eyes without at all detracting from the fatal effect of slowly lingering and reflective glances



de Strelecki

It is a fortunate sun-hat that appears in the centre photograph, for Ruth St. Denis is under it. Its transparent white organdie brim is all bound around with black lacquered ribbon, and its thin excuse of a white organdie crown, softly draped, is wreathed in by shiny black lacquered cherries and leaves



This brown liséré hat to accompany the daytime dress of silk or satin made a modest beginning in the way of a brim, but swept around at the back into generous proportions. Then brown moiré ribbon smartly encircled the crown and tied into bows that ended somewhere beyond the right ear

THUS DOES MARY'S HAT SHOP

SET FORTH THE NEWEST HATS

TO ACCOMPANY SUMMER FROCKS

FOR THE [SUMMER, HATS MAY

BE ALL OF BRIM OR ALL OF

EARS OR ALL OF ORGANDIE

CALLOT STREET FROCKS ABIDE

BY THE CONVENTION OF QUIET

COLOUR, BUT TAKE THEIR OWN

WAY ALONG QUITE NOVEL LINES

MODELS FROM ROHN AND RIENZO



Among the many dashing and elaborate costumes designed by Callot, there is one little frock for street wear that may justly claim that rare combination of adjectives, "smart and practical"; for there it is in its navy blue serge serviceability and its black satin and embroidered smartness. Four wide panels partly cover the skirt and separate in a low V-neck in front. Between them on the skirt shows an underskirt partly of unpretentious black satin and partly of vivid sapphire blue satin. Bands of black satin finish the short sleeves, and embroidery curls above the satin belt. The combination of black and sapphire satin was so successful that another little frock ventured to trust its popularity to this same device. The larger part of the bodice is black, but the sleeves end in blue and the overskirt considers itself fortunate in being blue, too. Quite underneath is a skirt of black satin, and quite on top is a long sash of black and gold

Although it pretends to be very quiet and inconspicuous by assuming a soft taupe colour embroidered in silk of the same shade, it knows—and Callot knew—that this very fact and the original chic of its lines would make it smart with the inconspicuous distinction that is most desirable. Callot has given it her favourite long-waisted blouse and in back a straight cape which droops its pointed sides with graceful nonchalance. The skirt is composed of six panels outlined by taupe embroidery, and the broad belt is very effective through the same means



CALLOT TEACHES HER GOWNS

OF SATIN TO DISPLAY SIMPLY

THEIR ARTFUL FRENCH CHARMS

MODELS FROM O'HARA

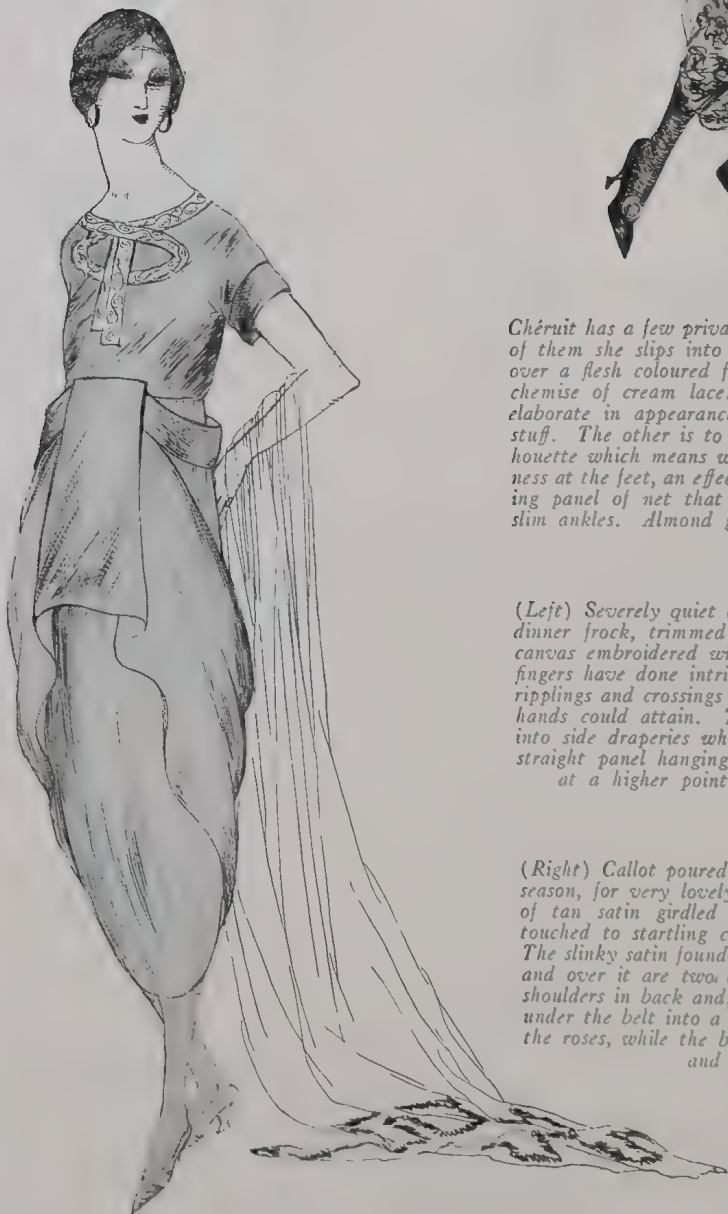
CHÉRUIT TUCKS A CHARMING

WHIM OR TWO INTO A FRAIL

BLACK AND CREAM LACE FROCK



Chéruit has a few private whims to indulge, and two of them she slips into one frail frock of black lace over a flesh coloured foundation and under a loose chemise of cream lace. One whim is to be quite elaborate in appearance, but really of very simple stuff. The other is to stick firmly to the barrel silhouette which means width at the hips and narrowness at the feet, an effect that is helped by the tapering panel of net that passes between the wearer's slim ankles. Almond green ribbon forms the girdle



(Left) Severely quiet and simple is this black satin dinner frock, trimmed at the neck with twists of canvas embroidered with gold. But Callot's skilful fingers have done intricate things to the skirt, such rippings and crossings and swingings as only French hands could attain. The short front panel ripples into side draperies which, at the back, join a long straight panel hanging from the shoulders and met at a higher point by a loose-hanging belt

(Right) Callot poured her genius into draperies this season, for very lovely things happen to this gown of tan satin girdled with dark brown satin and touched to startling colour by full-blown red roses. The slinky satin foundation flares saucily at the hem, and over it are two long panels that begin at the shoulders in back and, coming to the front, tuck up under the belt into a pert little frill over the top of the roses, while the bodice itself is—oh very sedate and conventional



ENCOURAGED BY CALLOT, EVE-

NING GOWNS STILL PURSUE VERY

BRIEF BUT ELABORATE CAREERS

MODELS FROM JACQUELINE



When a Paris maker, especially Callot, has a moment to spare, she puts her nimble wits to work upon a new version of the chemise frock. This one is distinguished by circular fulness at the hem. The panels in front and back are of black satin brilliant with embroidery of blue and gold and silver. These panels end in very elaborately embroidered points over the extremely pert little sections of black satin that widen to a circular flare at the hem. The bodice is of plain black satin with a square neck-line



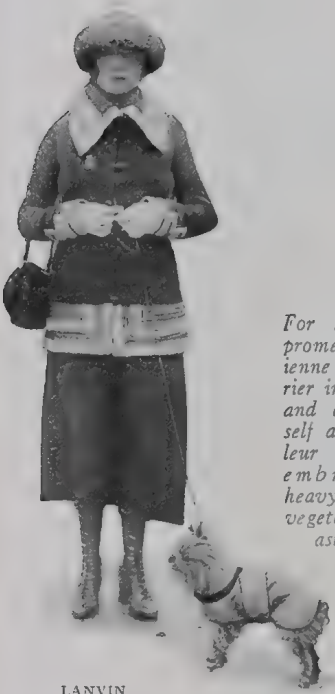
Very low fronts and very high backs, says Callot to her evening gowns, unhesitatingly flying in the face of the present tendencies of evening costumes. The rose coloured brocaded satin that forms the back panel of this one starts happily on its way with two full-blown American beauty roses and, after a stop at the waist-line, goes glowingly on into a square rose coloured train. The dress, under a film of black lace, is of black satin with very short tendencies at the sides, which Callot has tried to veil with black tulle



Bouffant, floating, brilliant in colour of sapphire is the tulle overdress on a navy blue satin frock, remarkable for its simplicity among the elaborate models characteristic of this house. The neck and waist are outlined in sapphire blue satin ribbons, and gay pink roses form a corsage in front. There is an airy irrepressible train of tulle and, of course, a very short skirt of satin which Callot, deeming it not quite discreet to show so much silken leg, has banded at the bottom with a silvery lace pretext of veiling

PARIS PUTS THE WAR OUT OF MIND

With the Aid of French Philosophy, Life is Swiftly Becoming Normal, While Couturiers Are Anxiously Waiting to Show American Clients the Distinctly French Silhouette



LANVIN

For the morning promenade, the Parisienne wraps her terrier in a warm coat and chooses for herself a navy blue railleur of woolly serge embroidered with heavy bands of white vegetable silk in an astrakhan effect

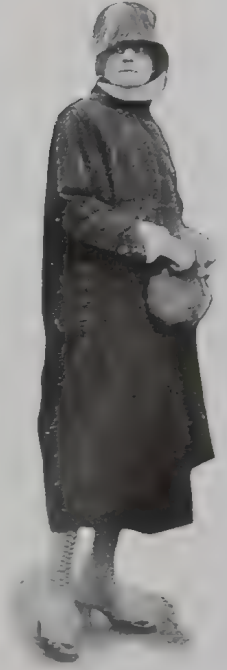
black bandage over the eyes, but, on the whole, surprisingly few disabled soldiers are to be seen. On a bench in the Champs Elysées, one may see a group of poilus in stained and faded uniforms. The paleness of convalescence is on their intelligent French faces, but recent illness does not prevent their taking a lively interest in the improvised baseball game which the doughboys are playing under the budding horse-chestnuts. One sees them, too, in the Guignol, which is performing again for the audience of delightful French children who are always the pink of neatness and who never seem to quarrel with each other.

The general aspect of the city is still rather sombre. The wild burst of gaiety which greeted the signing of the armistice, of course, could not last, and we go more soberly now; but it is true that life is rapidly becoming normal; society is beginning to entertain, to dine and to dance, to eat more and to dress better. It is like walking through the woods in springtime. The feeling of new life is in the air, and we know that under the dead leaves the green things are sprouting,—a little sunshine and they will spring into full beauty. And so it is with Paris.

PARIS IN THE RÔLE OF CINDERELLA

One thing which prevents the city from looking itself is the continued enforcement of the early closing hour. The cafés are now closed at half-past ten under the pretext of conserving light and heat; but as cafés are seldom artificially heated at this season, and people burn more light per

Lined-off checks in white or blue are favorites for street wear, and such unlimitedly high boots as these solve the problem of skirt hem and boot-top, when it is not solved by low shoes; coat from Weeks



Séeberger Frères

THE strongest impression on returning to Paris after the war is of wonder at the attitude of its people towards the great conflict through which they have passed triumphantly. With the splendid sanity which even bombardment and air raids could not disturb, they have decided to forget the war as quickly as possible and to bend all their efforts to the readjustment to a normal mode of living. They do not discuss the war; they seem to try not to think of it; and there are but few outward manifestations of the city's tribulations.

On a few houses one may see the marks of bursting *torpilles*, but most of the damage was repaired almost as soon as it was inflicted. Although some shops still keep their shutters down, many more bear the banner "*Réouverture*" across their doors. Black-clad women are in evidence everywhere, though for the sake of morale many women have ignored those strict French conventions which always made mourning a striking feature of the life in Paris.

HORIZON BLUE IN PARIS

The ubiquitous uniform is the most conspicuous reminder of the historic epoch from which the city is emerging. The mélange of uniforms is astonishing, and the endless number of insignia would tax the memory of an expert. Horizon blue predominates, of course, but there is a liberal sprinkling of khaki and of grey green, among the wearers of which the Italian police, with their Napoleonic greatcoats and the cocked hats covered with grey linen shields, are the most picturesque. Here and there is a pinned-up sleeve, or a crutch, or, saddest of all, a



CHÉRUIT

CHÉRUIT

Chéruit allows little to disturb the simple cut of her frocks. Here that little is the shirring of the skirt of an ivory tussor gown to suggest panniers. There is a vague collar of lace, and the edges of the frock are embroidered in blanket stitch

This designer has originated the "blouse gown," really a coat-dress of blue serge over a simple frock of coral red chiffon coin-spotted in dark blue. The serge frock opens down the front and joins the chiffon underneath with large blue silk dots

person when scattered in their homes than when gathered together under one roof, the actual motive is probably quite different. One misses the life on the *terrasses*, the games of cards and dominoes and billiards inside, and the buzz of conversation which used to be loud enough to drown any but the most modern music. The average American gets his information of current events from big eighteen to twenty-page newspapers, of which he devours three a day. The average

Frenchman reads his little four-page journal with its most important news reduced to a paragraph; but he makes up for it by his three or four hours of café conversation, in which the fate of nations is settled more often than one might suppose. It is an old saying that the world is governed largely by the consensus of Paris café opinion.

This early closing mandate gives the streets a strangely deserted air in the evening. And at Carnival time, the gaiety was spasmodic and confined mostly, even on the Grand Boulevards, to bands of Lycée students. Shades of the *Reine des Blanchisseuses* and her triumphant cortège! A little confetti was thrown, but not much, as the packet which used to cost twelve sous sold for twelve or even fifteen francs, a price which gave pause to the most reckless spendthrift and staggered even the war millionaire.

THE PRICE WE PAY

After all, "prices" are the question of the hour, far more eagerly discussed than the war; for that is a memory, while prices are a tragic reality. Fantastic is the only adjective that describes prices here nowadays. Everything has gone up but the



BEER



This blue serge frock lets a strip of blue bead embroidery call attention to the new neck-line—a deep point with a border of lingerie tucked inside. The narrow under-skirt is made of black satin



RENÉE

On leaving a thé dansant on a summer day, the Parisienne instinctively thinks of furs. So she throws on a black satin cape which is trimmed with monkey fur



RENÉE

It is no surprise that this dancing frock of white charmeuse should be a spring success. The top is long and very much embroidered, and the silk fringes of the skirt sway with every movement

Metro fare, and that, being still cheap, is popular to suffocation. Private autos are still in the minority, taxis are scarce, and their drivers, of most limited ideas of accommodation. If they do not happen to care for the section to which one wants to go, nothing on earth will induce them to go there.

Every other price in Paris is doubled, trebled, quadrupled, in some cases increased as much as ten times. The bare necessities of life,—food of the plainest sort, such as bread, milk, meat, and butter—cost sums which cause one to wonder how the poor manage to keep breath in their bodies. The plainest biscuits have been fourteen francs a pound; at even a small restaurant, a mandarin orange costs four francs; butter has been twelve to fourteen francs a pound. There are many who have not tasted butter for months, not because they could not afford it, but because they did not know how to obtain it. The Government limits the price to four francs; it is sold for three times that in the shops, so unless one is well known at a *crémier*, butter is not to be bought.

Clothes, not creations but just coverings, are sold at unbelievable prices. It is true that modifications are being felt all along the line, and perhaps by the time this is published, we shall realize the promised forty per cent. reduction in the cost of living. At present, a ready-made pair of shoes costs a hundred francs, and woollens are simply prohibitive. Ordinary cloth has

recently been as high as twenty dollars a yard, and for that reason every other woman in Paris has worn a street coat of padded satin.

If the first impression on arriving is one of wonder at the attitude of Paris towards the war, the second is surely of amazement at the difference in the appearance of the women. For the first time in many moons, a woman well-dressed according to the New York standards looks like a being from another epoch in Paris. The first thing an American does on arrival, unless she wants her clothes to scream "Tourist" to all the world and his wife, is to shorten her skirts and the next, to buy a pair of stubby-toed shoes. They call our slender last that we are so proud of, a "boat," and when I venture to remind them that

they used to like it, they say that they have had the sense to change. It is a little bit hard to answer, because they took their present style of shoe from us and called it *forme Américaine* for years, and it puts one in the position of not having known a good thing when one had it.



BEER



When the clock points to the tea-hour, the Parisienne is usually seen in a simple silk jersey frock with an apron panel, and sometimes sleeves, of dark satin. This time she chose dark blue and currant colour

FLORENCE WALTON WEARS A LANVIN SUIT

OR DANCES PARIS NIGHTS AWAY WHILE

SHE SWINGS HER FULL, CALLOT SKIRTS



CALLOT

This is the gown that Callot made and named for Florence Walton. First, a narrow drapery of brown satin for a foundation, then tulle, the colour of dead leaves and just as light, for an overdress in Velasquez line. Amusing sleeves and a pinked taffeta ruching are not to be overlooked



CALLOT

"Le Bridge," which made another successful soiree for the dancing partners, shows thus the charm of things transparent, circular, and full hanging from the shoulders, and no one could deny it in the face of swimming embroidered tulle, black satin and lace, and entire ribbons and roses



Henri Manuel

LANVIN

When Florence Walton wears this black wool tailleur from Lanvin, she shows a novel mode that has caught Paris fancy. The white squares are not woven, but are stitched, and they are made in irregular shapes, sometimes rectangular, sometimes elongated at the sides and back, following the cut of the material



CALLOT

(Left) The couturiers are using fringes as a garniture for all the spring wares. Uneven lengths of it, hanging from a low waist-line, mean everything to a simple gown of blue charmeuse called "La Legende." Its flattering companion is a charmeuse cape with three dripping rows of fringe



CALLOT

(Right) "Graziosa" is the black taffeta frock which this graceful dancer wore at her reception in Salle Hoche, and it shows again the circular fulness sponsored by Callot. Rows of unravelled white silk fringe make the trimming for this gown, which is ornamented by a belt of Yale blue moire and a dull pink rose



THREE MODELS
FROM LANVIN

Lanvin's ideas of a little girl's frock accord closely with ten-year-old notions of what a frock should be. This one of white Turco crêpe is embroidered in Japanese fashion with Persian blue roses and leaves, and the faille ribbon to match is loosely tied at the back. With her leghorn capeline trimmed with appliqué roses, and her black pumps and white socks, she is ready for any occasion.

(Right) Bloused in back and flat in front is Lanvin's newest mandate. The finest of silver embroidery is traced on this frock of almond green satin, and mother-of-pearl paillettes give rare beauty to the old lace collar. The eighteen-year-old girl has the air of an eighteenth-century print. An embroidered white net overdress floats over the green and gold shot faille frock, held by blue faille ribbon.

After the exceeding shortness of the skirts, perhaps because of it, the feet of the Frenchwoman are the next thing likely to attract attention. No one seems to wear anything bigger than size four; and most of the sizes appear to be about two and a half. The favourite footgear of the moment is the strapped slipper of Alice in Wonderland, with the addition of a high Cuban heel. Above this, or the Oxford with a big bow which rivals it, the Frenchwoman wears a thin silk stocking, the sheerer the better, sometimes matching but often contrasting with the shoe. One might think that even the Parisienne would catch her death of cold in this damp chilly Paris spring, but she has a clever scheme to baffle influenza. Under her thin silk stocking, she wears another of flesh colour Shetland wool, fine as gauze. Silk stockings are frightfully expensive and of poor quality, at that. It is not unusual, at a dance, to see many little "Jacob's ladders" running up women's silken ankles before the evening is half over. Perhaps it was an economical soul who introduced the questionable fashion of wearing no stockings at all with evening dress. At any rate, this fashion is far from being as sensational as it sounds, and is too usual here to excite undue attention. In "La Reine Joyeuse," one of the most successful plays in Paris, the whole cast appears without stockings of any description.

BRIDGING THE GAP

That objectionable feature of the short skirt, the gap between the shoe-top and the hem, is avoided either by wearing low shoes or by wearing boots cut so very high that this admittedly ugly effect is eliminated. The two snapshots reproduced on page 49 illustrate these high boots, and I admit that I like them, as they give one

the comforting assurance, on a rainy day, that there are at least a few Parisiennes who will not succumb to pneumonia.

The general silhouette is entirely different from that of a smart New York woman. The skirt for the street suit is short, but not exaggeratedly narrow. Above it is a coat of about finger-tip length, though it may be either shorter or longer; this coat is always bloused a bit over a very narrow belt, either of the suit material or of patent leather. The figure is quite unconfined, and it is perfectly evident that most of the women wear no corset. Stripes or big lined-off checks of white on black or blue are so popular for suits that they will surely be superseded soon. The hat is either Directoire, mushroom, cloche, or toque-like in character, often encircled with uncurled ostrich. It is worn far down and usually has a brim. Fur around the neck meets the hat brim in the back, increasing the round solid look of the silhouette. A smart accessory is a heavy manly umbrella with a knob of horn for a handle. Coats worn over one-piece dresses are of heavy material and folded around the figure with the outline of an Indian's blanket.

The little frocks under these coats are very simple, closely following the lines of the figure and usually having no lingerie at the neck. A new neck-line, seen at many of the openings, turns its revers back in a point as deep as the waist-line with a tucker of ivory or coffee coloured lace to fill in the point. The little frock from Beer sketched at the upper left on page 50, shows a new use of a line of lingerie inside this point as a suggestion for a summer dress. The other Beer model at the bottom of the same page is the type of frock which we see worn for dancing in the afternoon, usually in black satin, often combined with the shade of beige which the

French call "blond." These simple satin frocks, with panels or aprons or slightly draped skirts, are tremendously popular. They have short sleeves as a rule, and many women are beginning to wear long gloves with them, either white, pale tan, or grey, pulled up over their elbows. A favourite hat is the rather large toque of tulle either in black or in "blond" which looks as if it had been blown together.

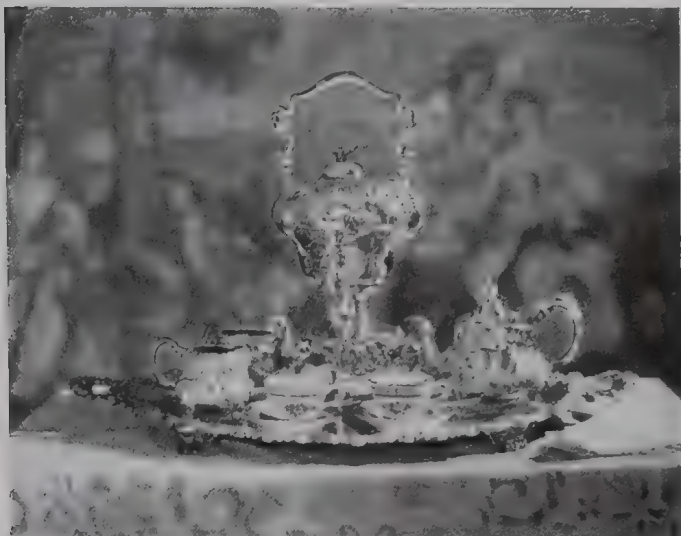
FOR A THÉ DANSANT

The gown from Renée, sketched at the upper right on page 50, is one of the big successes of the season. It is shown in white charmeuse, with the top embroidered like a Chinese shawl and the skirt of plain charmeuse completely covered with long white silk fringe. Madame Renée herself wears this gown in all black with the whole fabric embroidered and the sleeves short. Another version of it with the fringe in sections of black and a bright Yale blue I saw worn the other day by the Countess de Salverte. The gown is shown to best advantage when dancing, as the swaying fringes produce a most pleasing effect. The satin cape from Renée illustrated at the top of page 50, trimmed with the almost too popular monkey fur, is the sort of wrap which will be worn till late in the summer over these frocks. One feels the need of a wrap when leaving a thé dansant, and Paris has always approved of using fur in the summer.

Almost unbelievable simplicity of cut characterizes most of the clothes of the moment. At Chéruit's, the gowns, while lovely in colour and in the beauty and originality of their embroidery, have retained this simplicity of form which is the outcome of four years of war. The only varia-

(Continued on page 95)

THE GENTLE ART OF DRINKING TEA



For the formal tea-hour, one may have this elaborate silver service, dating back to the period of George III. Colport china cups with grey bands and little nosegays of flowers would be appropriate for this service; silver from A. Schmidt and Son. China from Gilman Collamore



And for that hour of romance and friendship, the informal tea-hour, this exquisite service, inspired by an old Drury teapot dated 1739, would use all its arts gleaming above a cloth of delicate lace and embroidery; silver from Crichton Brothers. Lace both from M. O. S. S. e, Inc.

LET us have tea-parties and tea-parties. There are so many charming things to do with tea and so many charming things to do them with. Silver services have been wrought into the loveliest possible shapes in order that serving the golden liquid may be a ceremony of beauty and pleasure.

THE JAPANESE RITES

Tea drinking has become an art, charming, gracious, and delicate. No other beverage has received quite the same ceremonial attention. One can hardly imagine a correct afternoon coffee-party being given in formal drawing-rooms, or, for that matter, one entirely devoted to sipping chocolate. Just what subtlety of flavour makes tea the inevitable and beloved companion of so many delightful and polite hours, is a subject intangible enough to defy reasoning. One Japanese authority, praising the precious leaves, arrives somewhere near the truth when he says that tea has not the arrogance of wine, the self-consciousness of coffee, nor the simpering innocence of cocoa.

Japan, of course, has always been the mistress of the exquisite art of drinking tea. With the Japanese, one might almost say, tea is a religion of the beautiful. They have made of it one of the harmonious bits of perfection which prove just how greatly to be desired is the fine and lovely art of little, foolish, inconsequent things. Thus an elaborate ceremonial peculiar to Japanese traditions and temperament has resulted from this naive and wonderful regard for the magical herb.

While these customs have not been adopted in the Occident, tea itself has been made a part of Western life, and our own little traditions, formal-



Baron de Meyer

Whether on the terrace or porch, or on the long stretch of lawn leading to the garden, one may serve iced tea to one's charming companion in a service of rock crystal with tall glasses. The iron furniture is painted apple green; tea-service from Gilman Collamore and Company. Furniture from John Wanamaker

ities, and graces have come to cluster around it. Tea was first introduced into Europe early in the seventeenth century, at which time it was greeted with immediate enthusiasm as a panacea for all ills. Moreover, it was lauded, among other things, as possessing the peculiar virtue of "cheering the heart without disordering the head, of strengthening the feet of the old, and settling the heads of the young"—a really ideal combination.

Thus it was that England developed her passion for tea and became famous and imitated, the world over, for her quaint little five-o'clock tea ceremonial. Having established a precedent, she grew to

be considered an authority on the art of serving tea.

Primarily essential to the meaning of the whole hour is simplicity and a studied lack of elaboration. If it is to be a garden-party tea, that most individual and English of tea customs, it will be served on the lawn under spreading and shady trees. Wicker chairs filled with gay cushions will be scattered about, and there will be, too, the delicate rainbow of many lingerie frocks and the charm of bright eyes under those becoming floppy English hats.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF TEA

Besides toast and toasted crumpets, to be served with the tea, there will be (if it is the season) great rich strawberries and clotted cream. As for the tea itself, the hostess will bring out her treasured "caravan tea," so called because it has been brought over land from China and then across the Channel—a route that has been thought out with great care in order that the delicious flavour of the finest tea in the world may not be destroyed by a long sea journey.

But all teas are there for the particular taste of all guests, Ceylon and Orange Pekoe, and furthermore, the Japanese tea for which so many of the white-moustached Englishmen cherish an undying fondness.

For the informal gathering within doors, the same rule of simplicity holds true. No table has been previously set,—the servants usually unfold the gate-legged table before the mistress, arrange the cloth, carry in the tray and accessories, and then retire within hearing distance of the bell. A tea-wagon laden with toast and muffins in covered dishes, and with cakes, holds its tempt-

(Continued on page 94)

THE REAWAKENING SOCIAL LIFE OF PARIS



The hat of Madame de Singay, at "The Taming of the Shrew," was of black rice straw, and clouds of black crasse billowed about the brim

Note.—The illustrations for this article and for other similar articles which are to follow are by Mr. Porter Woodruff, whose drawings of New York society are already familiar to Vogue readers. Mr. Woodruff is now resident in Paris and will forward his work from there



The Princess d'Arenberg wears a toque of blue plumage, laid like flower petals, and a black satin cape with collar of glycerined ostrich

The brilliant Countess de Ludre was shielded from the strong light of the Countess de Béarn's Byzantine room by a great hat of black tulle

MADAME DE GERADIN who, under the pen-name of Viscount de Launay, has left us the most sparkling accounts of her times, used to say, "A woman of fashion does not follow the mode; she flees from it."

She was right, both for her own period and for all others; the Frenchwoman of distinction is perhaps, of all women, the one who changes modes least and whose personality is most clearly expressed in the least detail of her toilette. She protests against the idea that she is gownned by this or that great house; it is she herself who determines her costumes, aided by some one of these famous makers. The assistance of these great couturiers is, of course, indispensable to her, but she would insist upon the fact that her gowns are always planned by and for her with the greatest care, never chosen at random from some model worn by a manikin, to be worn later by herself.

The war, naturally, interrupted this method of creating wardrobes, but the return to fashionable life has revived again the standard of taste and individuality. Wherever one goes now, one begins again to see personal and individual modes. The gods be thanked, we are through with "models" at last.

THE RETURN OF "CHIFFONS"

We are again permitted to think, talk, and create "chiffons," openly and without being accused of frivolity or heartlessness. Again we may search the museums and exert our minds to find new ideas, to combine charming eccentricities, without incurring the frowns of serious-minded people to whom, in time of war, the least elegance seems out of place. We have the feeling of breathing freely again, where formerly we were smothering.

Moreover, spring is here again, the gay light-hearted spring which delights our eyes with the soft tints of reawakening nature and fills our hearts with the joy of life.

Carts of flowers line the sidewalks of Paris, bringing a riot of colour and perfume to our very doors. The streets are so crowded that walking is difficult, and motors and carriages and taxis are with us again, to our very great joy. There is life everywhere, life which calls us from every side, until our days are all too short for the joyous adventures which await us.

One of the first of the returning social events was a gala performance in the theatre at the house of the Countess de Béarn, rue Saint-Dominique, in celebration of that revival of intellectual and artistic life which the Victory of the Allies made possible. Madame de Béarn followed the excellent idea of invit-

ing the Société Shakspeare to give in her theatre a performance of "The Taming of the Shrew," staged according to the new theories of M. Gémier. This society is in no sense commercial; it is a purely literary association.

THE PARIS SOCIÉTÉ SHAKSPERE

In a short and very clever introduction, M. Walter Berry explained the aims of this society and told of the notable work it had already accomplished in furthering the intellectual relations of France and America. To me, Shakspeare has always seemed a universal genius belonging to all nations alike, as do Molière, Cervantes, and Homer. But I am glad that so many people have not yet learned this, for, because of them, we are all permitted to enjoy such delightful presentations of his work as this.

The play of "The Taming of the Shrew" was presented in the fine Byzantine room of the hôtel de Béarn and before such an audience as we in France call "très gratin," a term which signifies what "thoroughbred" signifies when applied to horses. The distinctive note in the costumes was the prevalence of very lovely black gowns, and here and there a hat in clear colours gave the effect of a flower in the midst of this dark-gownned audience.

One needs to be very lovely indeed to appear lovely in the trying light of this Byzantine room, which was built, I think, rather for evening than for afternoon affairs. The light, in daytime, comes through the glass ceiling, which is so high that it creates the illusion of being in a cavern, a very sumptuous cavern furnished in admirable taste with rare and beautiful pieces.

A BRILLIANT GATHERING

The Countess de Ludre, whose brilliant mind makes her notable even among Frenchwomen, was gownned in black; her satin manteau was made on the lines of the late Louis XVI modes and was accompanied by a very large Trianon hat, doubly surprising in this season when nearly every one is wearing a small close hat. This hat was of transparent tulle, edged with glycerined ostrich. One sees them everywhere, these dripping plumes, everywhere. It is depressing, as if it were a symbol of exhausted energy and feeling. Even if we did not like the stiff trimmings pointing to the skies, we should soon come to long for their return as an indication of our happier state of mind.

The Princess d'Arenberg was very lovely in a toque of blue wings



The arch which bears witness to the triumph of Napoleon has survived all air raids to witness the triumph of the Allies

NEW YORK IS APPRECIATIVE OF ITS FRENCH ALLY

Enthusiasm for Things French Is Not Restricted to Frocks This Season, But Is Reflected in Many Interesting Events

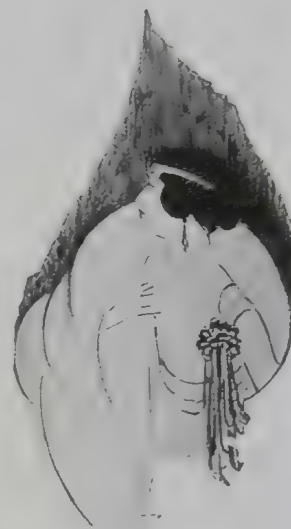


One of the most interesting of interesting head-dresses was of black tulle banded low across the brow and with a sweep of silky black feathers over the cheek on one side

ONE of the most interesting of recent innovations in New York has been the institution here of a branch of the Cercle des Annales, originally created in Paris and afterwards extended to other capitals of Europe for the purpose of bringing together the friends of France and the admirers of her language, her literature, her arts, and, in short, all that touches on her intellectual life. Madame Sarah Bernhardt is Honorary President of this society, and Madame Yvonne Sarcey-Brisson is Director General.



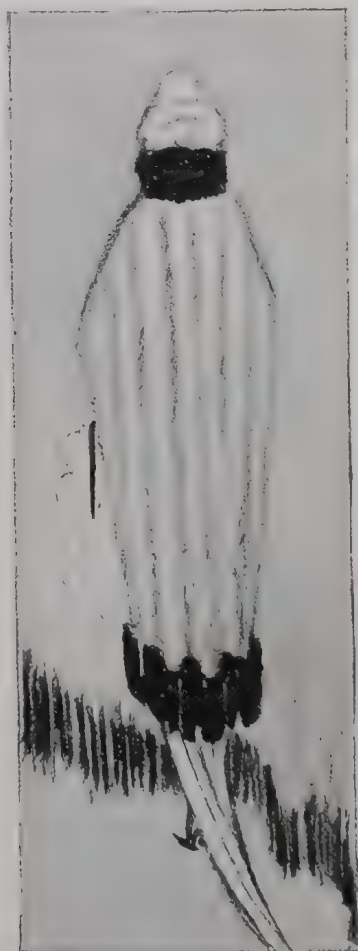
Mrs. Frederick Frelinghuysen wears on cool afternoons an exceedingly smart blue suit of Russian air with trimmings of krimmer



At the Mary Garden Festival for France, Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt wore a gown of dull green ornamented on one shoulder with a knot of tricolour ribbon

club will hold a number of *thés littéraires*, French conferences, and English conferences on French subjects. Exhibitions of paintings, sculpture, and similar things will be held occasionally, and one afternoon a week will be given over to the children of the members of the club, for whom there will be provided appropriate conferences and recreation.

New York has been greatly interested in the exhibition of paintings by Lieutenant Jean-Julien (Continued on page 93)



Mrs. Roche's white hair showed in striking contrast to the black fox collar of her grey chinchilla squirrel wrap



A bizarre and effective head-dress of gold metal cloth, which bound the head so tightly that no particle of hair was visible, was seen at the Mary Garden Festival

The New York branch has among its patrons and patronesses, Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss, the Duchess de Chaulnes, Mr. William E. Iselin, Mrs. Frederic B. Pratt, Mr. Francis Roche, and Prince Paul Troubetzkoy. M. Emile Villemin is the President of the New York Branch, and the Secretary is the Viscountess De Tocqueville. The opening afternoon of the Cercle des Annales included a very interesting programme by Yvonne Garrick, Paulette Noiseux, and Lucien Weber, and a very smart audience was present there. The



A tapering cape of henna coloured cloth was banded broadly around the middle and collared with chinchilla



© E. O. Hoppé

Lady Newborough was prominently connected with many charitable affairs held to raise funds for the wounded during the war. She is the widow of the Fourth Baron Newborough, who was a lieutenant in the Welsh Guards and who died in 1916 after an illness contracted in active service. Lady Newborough, who was an American, is the daughter of the late Colonel Henry Montgomerie Carr, of Kentucky.

Viscountess Ednam, who was Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, only daughter of the Duchess of Sutherland, married early in March. She was "mentioned" by Sir Douglas Haig for valuable work in her mother's hospital in France. Viscount Ednam, the Earl of Dudley's heir, is a lieutenant in the 10th Royal Hussars. He was awarded the Military Cross for his valour during the war.



Bertram Park



© E. O. Hoppé

The Duchess of Portland, who is considered one of the most beautiful women in England, has won much praise for her untiring devotion in hospital work during the war. She is a Lady of Grace of Saint John of Jerusalem, and she was Mistress of the Robes to Queen Alexandra.

THREE BEAUTIFUL ENGLISH

WOMEN OF RANK, WHO ARE

MEMORABLE FOR DISTINGUISH-

ED SERVICE DURING THE WAR

THAT the race is sometimes to the swift and the battle to the strong appears in the recent award of the Howland Memorial prize by Yale University, to the French painter, Jean-Julien Lemordant, whose work is now on view in this country under the auspices of the French Government and Yale University. For Lemordant is not only one of the bravest of French soldiers, but a painter of rare gift, amply meriting by his art the award of this high honour. If further merit were required, he has that, also, since he has sacrificed in the service of his country his great gift as a painter, having been completely blinded some months ago by a German bullet.

The Howland prize, which was established some years ago, is awarded every two years, without distinction of country, for special achievement in literature, art, or the science of government. According to the terms of the award, special consideration must be given to the idealistic quality in the work honoured. The prize is awarded this year for the second time. The only previous award was in 1916, when the honour was given to the young English poet, Rupert Brooke, whose sonnet, "The Soldier," is among the most beautiful of the many poems which the war has left us.

A HIGH HONOUR

Lemordant, who is a Breton by birth, has come to this country to receive the honour in person, and with him the French Government has sent a notable collection of his paintings, which were first exhibited at the galleries of Gimpel and Wildenstein in New York, during April, and are to be shown during the spring and early summer at various American cities. An admirable and very finely printed catalogue of the exhibition, reproducing many of the works, has been prepared by the Yale School of Fine Arts, and contains an illuminating introduction by Gustave Geffroy, Director of the Gobelins, and a more lengthy discussion of Lemordant by Charles le Goffic.

WORKS OF A FRENCH PAINTER

The works which compose this exhibition are mainly sketches for decorations which have been completed and are in place, notably those of the Hôtel de l'Épée at Quimper, Finistère and those of the Theatre of Rennes. There are also a few finished landscapes, delightful in their outdoor light, clear colour, and atmospheric perspective.

Lemordant, who was but thirty-seven when the war began, was already a painter of note in his own country, an artist whose canvases were welcomed at the salon and who had completed a remarkable amount of work.

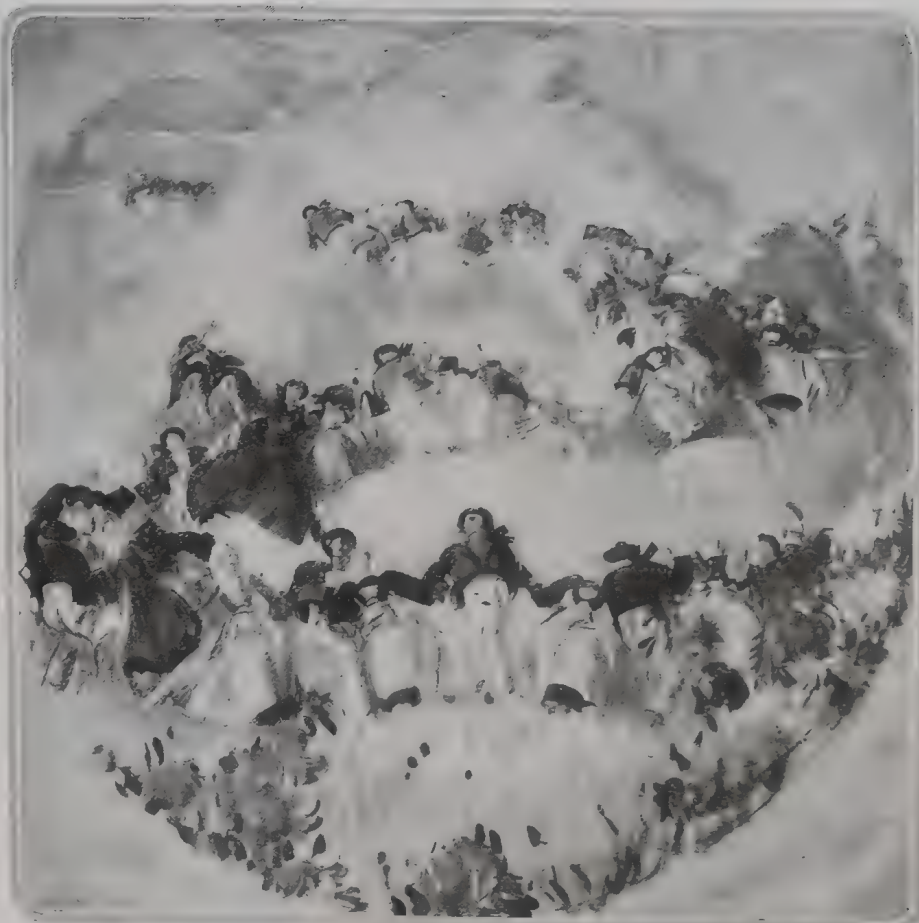
Born in Brittany, he has loved and painted the picturesque Brittany peasants, the delight of artists of every land. At their work, he paints them with something of the sombre solidity of Millet, but at their play he paints them with joyous freedom and a remarkable grace of swing-

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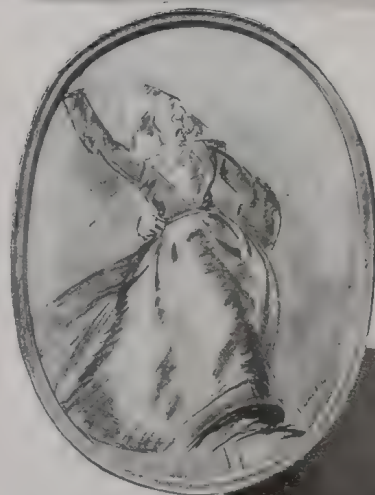
By MARION E. FENTON



© Yale University

On the ceiling of the Theatre of Rennes, Lemordant, the noted French painter and soldier honoured by the award of the Howland Memorial prize, has painted the dance of Brittany

The preliminary sketches and figure studies for the ceiling decoration above were on view at Gimpel and Wildenstein Gallery



them, but none have prepared us for the care-free gaiety of Lemordant's peasants, and Lemordant should know, being himself a Breton and possessing beyond question the gift of joy.

LEMORDANT'S FIRST DECORATION

Speaking of his work at the Hôtel de l'Épée at Quimper, Lemordant's first important work, the Director of the Gobelins, M. Gustave Geffroy, presents a Frenchman's view of Lemordant, admirably summed up in this paragraph:

"He possessed joy which he shared with us, in revealing one day the first magnificent summary of his vision to the eyes of all. The decoration which was ordered from him for the old Hôtel de l'Épée at Quimper, showed a magnificent and perfect visualization of Brittany by a Breton. A whole race at work and at play, splendidly alive, was shown in an imposing landscape brilliant with light and colour. The rocks, the sandy beaches, the incoming sea, the far reaches of the ocean, the boats with red sails scudding into the distance, the mounting clouds flecked by the sun, the sweep of the ocean disclosed by the ebbing tide, the granite piers where boats make fast, the roads leading to the villages, the whole wonderful expanse that may be seen in the region of Penmarc'h where Lemordant has localized his art,—all these were the settings for work of noble scope."

Happily, Lemordant's blindness is not entirely hopeless. There is a bare possibility that he may sometime recover his sight. Should this possi-

(Continued on page 87)



Picturesque little "Miss Anne" comes from the brush of George Bellows a quaint vision of old-fashioned charm amid the forceful war paintings in his exhibition at the Knoedler galleries

ing line. His colour is fresh and clear, singing colour, and his touch has a sureness which is a delight to the eye. There is no working over in these sketches. Colour is laid firmly and deftly in the right spot; a mere line or two serves to define the action or express the poise of a figure.

BRITTANY DANCES

Undoubtedly the most interesting of the paintings shown here are the preliminary sketches for the decorations of the Theatre of Rennes, decorations which are completed and in place, with the exception of the drop-curtain. Joyous brilliant sketches are these, and their theme is the folk-dance of the Brittany peasants throughout the ages. On the ceiling one sees the dancing figures emerging from the mists of the past, swaying in joyous rhythm across its expanse, coming nearer and nearer, and finally dancing down the drop-curtain to the stage in the dances of the present day. Perhaps the most striking characteristic is the joyousness of these figures. Is it the influence of Loti, with his "Pêcheurs d'Islande"—Loti who casts a shadow of exquisite melancholy over every land, who has made us visualize the Breton peasant as a sombre mystic individual, grown strange as the wind-blown trees of the barren coast along which he lives? Yet, other artists have painted the Brittany peasants and other pens have drawn

SEEN on the STAGE

WHEN the project to import from England the production of "A Burgomaster of Belgium," by Maurice Maeterlinck, was first suggested, it was looked upon as "uncommercial" by most of the managers and critics and other wiseacres of the American theatre. Their adverse verdict, rendered in advance, seemed calculated in accordance with the facts. This was a war play: most of our many war plays had been killed off by the signing of the armistice: therefore "A Burgomaster of Belgium"—though written by the foremost living poet in the world—could no longer be regarded at so late a date as timely. "What a pity," said the wiseacres as they wagged their heads, "that this piece of propaganda was not ready for production in 1914 or 1915!"

Yet, when "A Burgomaster of Belgium" was finally produced, it established itself as the most impressive war play that has yet been shown in the American theatre, not only by reason of its high sincerity but also by reason of the peculiar timeliness of its presentation. This play of Maeterlinck's was written and composed without any thought of the ticking of the clock or regard for the turning of the calendar; yet, by a happy stroke of destiny, it teaches a lesson that is needed most emphatically at the present time. Clear thinking in respect to that essential difference which divides the world in two is more necessary at this moment when the Peace Commissioners are arguing in Paris than at that earlier and more inspired moment when the embattled armies of the right were crusading against the armies of the wrong.

MAETERLINCK'S WAR PLAY

Now that the war is over, our public needs more than ever to be reminded that the world dichotomy which caused it has not been terminated by the armistice. Our drafted millions did not stop to reason on the battlefield: they knew merely that their immediate duty was to lick the Germans: they have done this duty, and come back, and been discharged from service. But the moral problem of the war was not annihilated when the beaten German armies surrendered their equipment and slouched back beyond the Rhine, to be greeted with garlands and the blaring of vociferous bands.

Maurice Maeterlinck, precisely by reason of the fact that he looks upon the panorama of experience with the vision of a mystic poet, may be trusted to see things as they really are; and in this play he has told us what he sees. A few critics have obtruded the opinion that "A Burgomaster of Belgium" represents a departure from Maeterlinck's usual method of dealing not with things themselves but with the souls of things; but this opinion is extrinsic and ignores the real importance of the play. Considered superficially, the piece is nothing more than a realistic repetition of an incident culled, out of many, from the Belgian White Book. On a cer-

The Most Important Event of the After-the-War Theatrical Season Is Maurice Maeterlinck's Play Dealing With the War

By CLAYTON HAMILTON



Baron de Meyer

Estelle Winwood, who appeared in "A Little Journey" the first part of the season, is now enacting the rôle of the erring but appealing wife of Molière, in the play of that name produced by Henry Miller at the Century Theatre

tain day in the latter part of August, 1914, the invading German armies arrive at the little Belgian town of Stilemonde. The scene is set in a single living-room of the Burgomaster's house. The first act commences at 10:45 A. M. and finishes at 11:15 A. M.; the second act commences at 3:40 P. M. and finishes at 4:30 P. M.; and the third act commences at 6:15 P. M. and finishes at 7 P. M. Like any strictly realistic work, the

play is constructed with the most punctilious regard for the theoretic unities of place and time. Furthermore, it confines itself entirely to facts, and admits no artificial heightening of emphasis,—not even for the sake of patriotic propaganda. Yet, despite these superficial indications, "A Burgomaster of Belgium" is not to be regarded as a realistic work. The reason is that it delves beneath the rock-laid facts of recent history until it reaches the artesian waters of eternal truth. Maeterlinck is interested in this particular incident of the Belgian White Book not so much because of what occurred in the little town of Stilemonde on a certain day of August, 1914, as because of the revelation which this incident affords in respect to a problem that was not merely timely but remains perennial.

AN ATTITUDE OF MIND

The simple thesis of this play—expressed serenely, and without the slightest hint of rancour—is that all mankind must be divided into two parts, which, for convenience, may be called the German part and the non-German part. These two huge hosts can never get along together nor understand each other, because they are equipped with minds whose workings are so basically different as to be irreconcilable. This absolute dichotomy was trumpeted before the war by German historians like Treitschke and German military writers like Bernhardi. These self-appointed spokesmen for one section of mankind declared uncompromisingly that the world could no longer exist half-German and half-civilized, and that Germanism was predestined either to world-power or to downfall. There is now a danger, in these troubled days, that the civilized nations may neglect to realize the absolute validity of this prediction. Especially in America—by reason of the fact that, as Secretary Baker has reminded us, the war was fought out to its just conclusion several thousand miles away—there seems to be a danger that our masses may adopt the lotus-eating habit of forgiveness and forgetfulness and begin to think that after all the poor, misguided German people were merely human like ourselves. It is therefore very necessary that a clear-eyed poet like the Belgian Maeterlinck should remind us sharply in this drifting period that if we are human the Germans are not and, conversely, that if the Germans are human we are not.

The word "German," as employed in this discussion, is not intended to be fastened as a stigma on any one of German race or German ancestry or German language: it is intended merely to be fastened upon those who have welcomed the anathema by confessing the German attitude of mind. As a term of reproach, it includes all those who, dwelling in whatever country, applauded the sinking of the Lusitania or sought excuses for the bombardment of the Cathedral of Rheims.

The German mind is antithetically different



Goldberg

Compton Collier
Columbine and Harlequin have
a perennial interest

Alfred Cheney Johnston

That the very worst of vampires are reformed now and then is proved by Carlotta Monterey, who, after being one of those exciting ladies in five different plays, is now the very best of wives in "A Sleepless Night"

in its workings from the civilized mind; and this absolute antithesis affords the theme for this timely and important play of Maeterlinck's. The fundamental axiom of German psychology is that self-interest in the primary motive in existence and that the pursuit of this motive should always be conducted logically by a ruthless intellect, without admitting any interruption from that large part of the human mind which is more emotional than intellectual, more sensitive than logical. The non-German mind, upon the other hand, admits the possibility that the mere self-interested reason—the "reiner vernunft" of Immanuel Kant—may sometimes and ought often to be overruled by impulses inspired from the sensory and emotional apparatus of the brain. The German argues logically that might makes right; the non-German argues, more appealingly, that might oftentimes affords an opportunity for kindness towards those who, for the moment, are inferior in power.

The German attitude of mind has not been altered by the Allied victory at arms, on the land and on the sea. The basic fact remains that the world can not endure half-German and half-civilized, and that the coldly intellectual Germans must either be permitted to impose their Kultur upon the world or be condemned to utter downfall. There can be no half-measure in this matter, as Maeterlinck clearly sees; and this brings us face to face with the basic problem of the present hour, which is simply the problem of what we shall do with the Germans.

If we are civilized, it follows logically that the Germans are not; and the quickest answer to the problem of the German past would seem to be



E. Lyall Swete, who is playing the name part in Maeterlinck's "A Burgomaster of Belgium," which is now on tour, was for nine years both actor and producer at the Haymarket Theatre in London. In England he directed "The Bluebird," in America "Chu Chin Chow," and this autumn, "Freedom"

the answer rendered, in the immediate aftermath of 1870, by Alexandre Dumas fils with his famous "Tue la!" "Kill it off!" is easily said; but the inhibitions which attend the conscience of civilized humanity prevent us from considering for a single moment the wholesale project to execute one hundred million German-minded people. We have learned latterly, to be sure, that Burke was narrow-sighted when he advanced the theoretical

The piquant profile and upward gaze under the picture hat belongs, of course, to Edna Hibbard, of "Rock-a-bye-Baby" fame, and now "Tumble In" is the gay possessor of this provocative little merry-maker

opinion that a nation can not be indicted. The German nation not only has been indicted but has been condemned before the bar of history; and the millions who applauded the sinking of the Lusitania deserve, in justice, to share the fate of the hundred babies whose bones are now "visiting the bottom of the monstrous world." But those of us who are civilized do not ask for absolute justice in this world; we ask merely for some forward-looking adjustment that may "help reason and the will of God to prevail."

The one safe way to kill off Germanism for all time is for the victors in the world war to assume responsibility for the education of the next generation of all the children of German birth and German ancestry and German language. The Germans of the present are incurable; but the Germans of the future might be taught to look upon the project of our human life as this project is commonly regarded by civilized mankind. Is it not a little strange that so much is being said in Paris about annexing German coal mines and so little is being said about annexing German schools? If the innocent children of the guilty celebrants of the sinking of the Lusitania might be brought up by schoolmasters delegated to this high task of education by the people of France, the people of Great

Britain, the people of America, it might be possible that the German attitude of mind would be deleted from the world before a score of years had passed away. At any rate, this hint of a possible method of procedure is afforded by Maeterlinck when he declares, at the close of his play, that the Germans and non-Germans of the present period can never understand each

(Continued on page 89)

AN ENTRANCING GARDEN IS THAT AT
WELWYN, THE ESTATE OF MRS. HAROLD
PRATT AT GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND



To follow this grassy walk is to wander through a riot of snapdragon and climbing roses straight to a syrian sprite in a solitary heart of cypress, cedars, and pine. It is a bronze statue called "The Spirit of the Woods" by Edward McCartan.

(B&W) Looking from the house to the Sound, one is impressed with the calm of the sunken garden, its great clumps of ancient boxwood, its shadowed pool, and vine-clad pergola. This garden is of oblong form with short terraces.



Italian cemeteries, however humble. The Campo Verano in Rome is a veritable grove of cypresses, beneath whose shadows the tiny lights burning perpetually on the graves shine out dimly like glow-worms; the Protestant cemetery owes its greatest charm to the cypresses which stand like sentinels protecting those who rest beneath them, and, no matter how remote or forsaken a little Campo Santo may be, one is sure to find there, rising like a flame within the enclosing wall of crumbling stucco, a lean mournful cypress.

There is a difference in the shape of the cypresses of Rome and those of Florence. The former branch out from near the ground and are thick and heavy, being almost the same size all the way to the top. Perhaps this is due to the Roman air, for even Roman ladies seem to have this tendency. The Florentine cypresses are more graceful; the branches do not begin until quite far up the trunk, and then they taper to a point. They are almost dainty in their slenderness, and their silhouettes appear often in Florentine paintings.

THE ILEX AND THE FOUNTAIN

The tree which one sees most often in the heart of the city is the ilex, characteristic of

(Right) Cypresses, always dark, always mournful and sombre, even apart from their traditional association with Italian cemeteries, rise above the Palatine Hill, where once stood the palaces of imperial Rome



Rome. That famous view from the Villa Medici is framed by a row of ilex, trimmed in the centre so as to permit a vista of St. Peter's over the low travertine basin of the fountain beneath them. One can scarcely imagine an ilex without a fountain beside it; they seem essentially to belong together. The soft splashing of Roman water in the moss-grown fountain gives an increased effect of coolness to the deep shade of the ilex on a hot summer day. As the ilex is not a deciduous tree, its greenness gives a distinct note of allegro all through the winter in the parks and villas of Rome.

THE TREE OF MYTH AND HISTORY

Of all the Italian trees, the olive is perhaps the most appealing. Though there are none actually in the city of Rome, they are such an integral part of the Roman Campagna that they are closely associated with the town. There is something almost tenderly beautiful about the delicate silver foliage which rises from their twisted and tortured-looking trunks. They mantle one side of the Alban Hills with a vaporous quality which has something of the gentleness of a summer mist. The shepherds in sheepskin trousers, who wan-

(Continued on page 66)

(Below) Deep-rooted as these old parasol-pines at Ravenna, which Dante sung and where Garibaldi came for solace, is the Italian's inborn love of the pine, one of the most characteristic trees of his native land





A very smart coat with all sorts of comfortable ways in which to guard one against wind and weather is made—most astonishingly—from dull white oilcloth. The collar is safely buttoned down, and nearest one's face it grows very gay with a brilliant silk lining of red

The WAYS of PRACTICALITY on a MOTOR TRIP

Annabel:

YOU have known how to choose your automobile, and, among them all, you have discerned the best and selected it without hesitating. But now you have asked me to advise you in the choice of your equipment, and you tell me that it is to match your beautiful motor, which must not be lovelier than you.

How is it possible not to approve of you? *Dieu merci!* You have known for a long time that in order to drive a car it is not necessary to be disguised as a chauffeur, and you know, too, that touring in a street dress is absurd; you are equally far from these two ridiculous ideas. Although it should be sensibly practical, a motoring costume should not necessarily be exaggeratedly so, but should remain within the limits imposed upon it by your own comfort, and

Iribe Creates the Beguiling Annabel and Designs for Her a Delightful Motor Costume



A snug little cap to brave the wind gaily is made of red faille fitting close to the head and has two white oilcloth flaps to meet and buckle in front

above all, by your distinction.

In order to show that an automobile need not be a "dirty" wild creature, but can be delightfully feminine at times, I should like you to have your steering-wheel in white, either of lacquer or of imitation ivory. I think that by this detail you can prove that your costume may remain practical and at the same time be charming.

Permit me then to propose a new idea for your motor coat. I am sure that you will not be alarmed, because you know that the same material which is used for one purpose becomes so different when used for another that it is difficult to recognize it and quite impossible to do so when it is worn by you. I wish to speak of white oilcloth, that very banal and humble white oilcloth that covers the very banal and humble kitchen table. It has its uses.

I ask you to use it, Annabel, not for that sad reason—economy—, but because the material is beautiful and unique, and because I do not see any other fabric which would fill its place. White leather soils easily and when wet becomes hard, ugly, and heavy, and rubber is miserable and breakable. Indeed it seems to me there is nothing more practical or youthful than white oilcloth. You will naturally choose the best quality, which is supple and dull in finish, and you will have it made, if they please you, from these models designed especially for you.

AN OILCLOTH MOTOR COAT

It seems to me that in the coat sketched on page 70 you will be very comfortable for driving. With the three belts fastened, you may be unafraid of the cold, and for walking, you may leave them unfastened. The points of the collar will not blow in your face because they are held down by buttons. The sleeves are held tightly to your arms by three little straps, giving an effect similar to the belts of the coat. The coat is all white and rather full. The only colour touch is to be found in the collar, of which the revers, on the sides which touches your face, are in beautiful brilliant red faille or any other bright tone which pleases you. But then, if you are very conservative and fear the venturesome pleasures of oilcloth, you may have this model, as well as the other, in any long-tried material you wish.

The hat which accompanies the coat is red and white also. The crown may be of red faille, cloth, or felt, and it fits close to the head. It is held in place by two wide bands of oilcloth which en-



Oilcloth makes this delightfully saucy motor bonnet—oilcloth of any colour that suits best one's whims as well as one's coat. The bouquet of coloured flowers is made of dull beads that fear neither dust nor stormy weather

circle it and fasten in front with a buckle. If you put your veil on first, then fasten the bands, you will be ready to leave, well armed against your only enemy in the automobile—the wind.

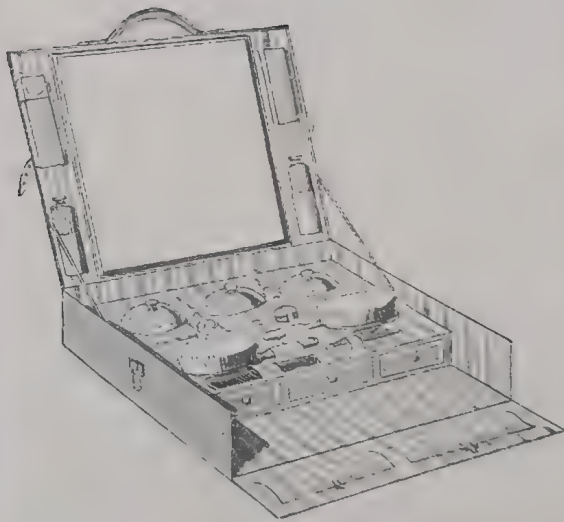
THE VARIED WAYS OF OILCLOTH

The coat on this page is fuller and shorter but also of oilcloth—white and blue, or white and black, or any colour which you may select, though always plain. The second little hat may be of various colours to match the coat. The bouquet is of dull beads, which have no fear of dust nor wind nor rain.

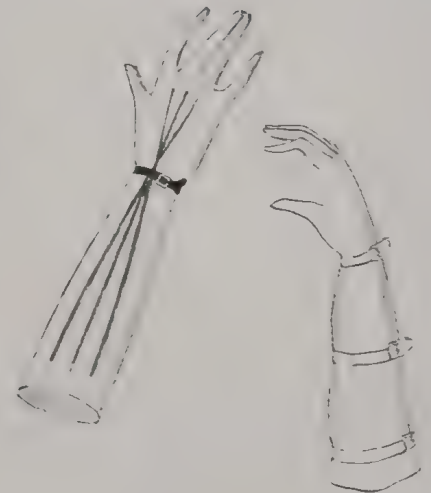
Because the wind and sun take liberties with your white hands, Annabel, there must be gloves of soft suède or buckskin to come up high on your arms and with straps to hold them so closely to the wrist and arm that the wind's rough touch can find not even the tiniest entrance.

And lastly, I have designed for you the little dressing-case for travelling which you tell me you have never been able to find. It is very easy to have it made. The two bottles and the powder-box fit down inside just as in the old dressing-tables, and like the old dressing-tables, all of the interior is lined with a beautiful, old, striped tissue. The three little drawers contain all of your small things. The two sachets, which are on the side which folds up, hold your handkerchiefs and veils. You will have made a large sachet the exact size of the case, which you will fill as full as possible with many fine and delicate pieces of lingerie because it will preserve from shock the large mirror in the top, which, better than I, will tell you of your eyes and the grace of your exquisite visage.

PAUL IRIBE.



A very compact travelling case is lined quaintly with striped tissue and has smart little drawers for hairpins and jewels, neat little sachets for veils and handkerchiefs, pockets for powder and bottles, and a mirror to fit the cover



The wind and sun have little consideration for white hands, so that the motorist herself must give them special consideration. To help her there are long gloves such as these with one strap or three to keep them in place

Another coat of oilcloth may be of white with a good dash of contrasting oilcloth of blue, red, or black; a very broad belt holds the fulness in place



The garden dress that goes with an intimate knowledge of fresh morning flowers is most charming made of white linen and French blue and white cross-barred linen, which, with but a little help from the white, composes the blouse. Quite like the coat-dresses, such great favourites of late, is the pale grey linen beside it, trimmed with navy blue linen. Last of all there is a youthful creation of wistaria linen with touches of crisp white organdie and white embroidery

DRESSING ON A WAR INCOME

FOR several years now, the linen dress and the linen tailored suit have more or less given place to costumes in silk materials, such as silk jersey tricolette; or the various new sports silks which take their inspiration from the Far East, silk such as rajah, shantung, or pongee, have been used. It is a charming fashion for summer but though silk has advantages over linen, chief of which is the fact that these new silk materials do not wrinkle—for this tendency to wrinkle is possibly the one disadvantage of linen—still, silk has never the cool freshness of washable linen.

The summer preeminence for silk has been and still is decided. However, with the return to fashion of batiste, organdie, dotted Swiss, and chambray, there came to win the summer heart of woman the loveliest pieces of linen, all white, in delicate colours, and in white striped or checked in colour. Among the many qualities of linen now offered for her selection, two have won special favour; one is as fine and soft as batiste, like the French handkerchief linen, while the other is of coarse and heavy weave, yet soft and not at all clumsy. This heavy quality makes up beautifully into tailored dresses and suits or smocks.

Summer Days with Bright Sun and Warm Breezes Only Prove Again the Delightful Adequacy of the Lighsome Linen Frock

One lovely hat of this coarse linen is in a delicate shade of pink and is trimmed with a heavy cotton fringe.

The possibilities of these linens in the creating of a smart and appropriate summer wardrobe are indeed very great. Combinations of linen are very often used,—a plain linen with checked or striped linen or white linen with coloured linen either plain, checked, or striped. There is a linen house in New York that makes a specialty of these fancy linens for dresses and suits. All the linens sold here are pure Irish linens which have been imported from Belfast; for since the beginning of the war the other countries have been cut off from flax. One would imagine that these linens might be exorbitant in price. They are not. From a dollar and a quarter to two dollars and a half a yard is the range of price, and the linens

are thirty-six or forty-five inches wide.

On this and the following page are illustrated six designs especially suited to these lovely linens. A French dressmaker will make up any of these designs, furnishing materials, for from \$50 to \$60, or for \$30 or less if the materials are furnished. The workmanship is very fine and a great deal of

the work is hand done.

The designs chosen for these linen frocks follow the lines of the new French frocks, very simple and sparingly trimmed. However, much more elaborate effects may be obtained with linen, if such effects are desired. English eyelet embroidery and filet lace are very often used with great success on frocks of linen. For the frock at the extreme right in the sketch on the opposite page, a copper coloured linen is suggested, and the trimming may be of cross-stitching in gold thread. "Hidden fulness" is laid in groups of plaits at the front at either side and at the back and may be held by a belt of the material, or more smartly, by a dark brown patent leather belt with gilt mountings. The short sleeves and the simple round neck are finished with bands of the linen cross-stitched in gold threads. Although there is



A summer camp music room, with high wainscot of rough boards and rough plaster above. Hayden & Co. were the decorators



In the owner's bedroom at the Raquette Lake camp of Mrs. George Whalen, painted furniture has been used effectively. The colors are yellow and blue and match the sleeping porch beyond. Herter Looms, decorators



The terrace is a necessary adjunct to the summer camp. Reed or willow furniture can be used



The living room of the Whalen camp is furnished simply with mahogany and a few upholstered pieces. Herter Looms, decorators

of rush and fibre rugs that the shops make up into squares of any desired combinations of color to match a scheme. A very striking rug has 20" squares on the diagonal, alternating black and natural color. Then one can select a small center square of green and an outside of tan, and these can be alternated by the reverse colors.

All hand-woven rugs seem adaptable for camp use. The weave is called "tapestry" as there is no pile to the rug. A pile carpeting should never be used in a camp. It is too formal. A splendid all-wool rug comes, made to any size, with a plain band border on the ends.

For the bedrooms nothing could be better than hooked rugs to match the cretonne used. They should be small and brilliant and the very fact that they are made especially to match the cretonne gives them a quaintly attractive effect. There are also old-fashioned braided rugs and crocheted rugs that can well take the place of rag rugs.

Gingham Curtains

With such rugs the curtain material most suitable seems to be gingham. A blue and purple gingham edge on white, unbleached muslin is good, with gingham tie-backs and as color notes for the painted furniture. A little green, red or white striped gingham, with a tiny ruffle of the red, makes a fresh, simple curtain. Dotted grenadine for the curtains used over a small, bright patterned chintz, is adorable in a child's room. The curtains should be looped back and the bed cover should be of the dotted grenadine. Bright pink roses with blue ribbons—could anything be more enchanting for a summer camp nursery? For there are camps with children!

Ultra-fashionable linens are so often used because the colors are crude. A particularly good design has a fresh green background with a dark blue and orange pattern. If the furni-



Each room is named after the linen used in it. This is the pomegranate room, and has a decorated panel on the door to that effect. The room opens directly on a sleeping porch. Herter Looms were the decorators



A general view of the Whalen camp shows its close proximity to the water, and the architecture, which is harmonious with the surroundings

ture was painted blue, it would be quite nice. Jacobean patterned linens in rich browns and dull yellows and blue, seem designed to go with old oak and plaster. Personally I think plain materials the best. One gets color but no distracting design. A splendid, very heavy red cotton material comes with a black selvage, with a tiny line of yellow. It is 50" wide and heavy enough to shut out cold night draughts. Such materials go with pine woods, I feel.

For Porches

On porches, where the view must be shut off, nothing is so serviceable as linen gauze. One can see through it perfectly. With a little wool fringe to give it weight and color, it is perfect for such use.

For the sleeping porch use a dark glazed chintz made up into roller shades, with a screw-eye in either end of the slat through which a cord can be run, fastened to the window trim to prevent the shade from blowing out and flapping. I know of no better way to shut out the morning light which is so objectionable to many.

After all, one goes to a camp to sleep and rest, and every piece of furniture placed in it and every inch of fabric should be chosen with that end in view. Fewer pieces will reduce the necessary household labor to a minimum. Virile colors will tone in harmoniously with the strong notes of Nature, and the resultant decoration will prove a radical change from the more cautious furnishing of city homes.

These points are illustrated in the summer camp shown on these three pages. It is the camp of Mrs. George Whalen at Raquette Lake, N. Y., and combines all the necessary conveniences with harmonious and livable furnishings. Its architecture is characteristic of the type and location, and some of this architecture has come through the walls to furnish ample backgrounds against which the decorators worked.

The dining room is simple and refreshing. The Jacobean well suit the oak and plaster walls. Designed by B. Muncie. Hayden & Co., decorators



A "snuggle in" lean-to, where one can watch the logs burn in the stone fireplace. It is hung with balsam boughs



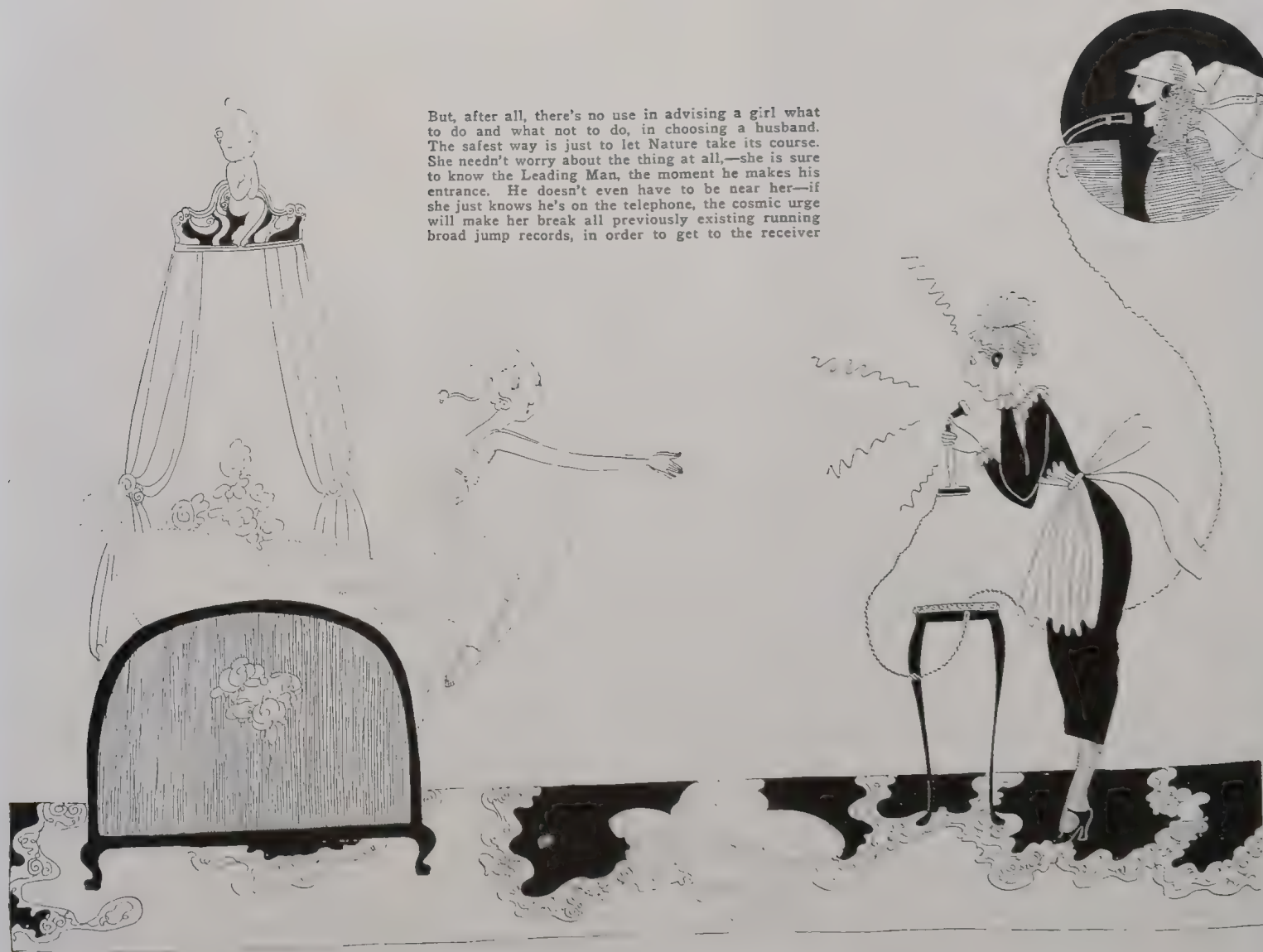


There are unquestionably mouthfuls to be said on the side of the Munitions Millionaire, as a prospective husband. The course of true love certainly does run much more smoothly if it's travelled in a Rolls-Royce. Such trifles as diamond tiaras, Russian sables, chintz-lined limousines, and ropes of pearls help Love's young dream along considerably. The only trouble with a Munitions Millionaire is that his neck is a little too much inclined to blouse over the back of his collar, and his table manners are invariably self-made. If only one didn't have to have him anywhere in sight, he would be the ideal husband

Then there is the Trick Artist. He is really a great factor in a girl's education; he can show her how, at a glance, to tell the difference between a Matisse painting and a Spanish omelette, and he knows just what the vorticists are trying to prove. He dresses like the property artist in musical comedies and he is simply ripping at designing costumes—he tells you how Tappé and Lucile are just battling to engage him, if he would only descend to commercialism. The only catch to it is that these artists are apt to forget that art is long and time is fleeting. Then, too, they are gallery lizards—they insist on dragging a poor girl through miles and miles of endless art exhibitions



But, after all, there's no use in advising a girl what to do and what not to do, in choosing a husband. The safest way is just to let Nature take its course. She needn't worry about the thing at all,—she is sure to know the Leading Man, the moment he makes his entrance. He doesn't even have to be near her—if she just knows he's on the telephone, the cosmic urge will make her break all previously existing running broad jump records, in order to get to the receiver



A Plea for Indoor Golf

And a Plaintive Dirge—By a Golfing Neophyte—for the Passing of Winter

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

IT might be supposed, by the vapid and unreflective, that in winter, when the first snows have begun to fall and the last pro's have started flying South, the enthusiastic golfer would be to some extent up against it. The fact is, however, that of the four seasons of the golfing year,—Spring, when you lose your ball in the unmown hay; Summer, when you lose it in the glare of the sun; Autumn, when you lose it under dead leaves; and Winter, when you have a sporting chance of not losing it at all,—the last-named is, to the thoughtful golfer, quite the pleasantest.

It is glorious, no doubt, on a lovely afternoon in Summer, with the sun shining down and a gentle breeze tempering the heat, to slice your ball into the adjacent jungle and to feel that you are thereby doing a bit of good to a small boy who needs the money which he will get when—directly your back is turned—he finds and sells the missing globule.

It is thrilling, on one of those still, crisp days in the Fall, to drive off the tee at eleven-fifteen and potter about the course till twelve-forty-five, turning over leaves with a niblick in the hope that each leaf be the one under which your ball has elected to nestle. But both these pleasures are eclipsed by the delight of playing on a frosty morning in the winter.

In Winter You Get Good Visibility

THERE you stand,—before you a prairie denuded of all vegetation. The trees, into which you used to send your second shot, have now no leaves, and it is quite possible to penetrate them with a well-judged stroke of the light iron. Your caddie broods dejectedly beside you. He knows that, even if you slice into the wood at the elbow-hole, you can find the ball for yourself.

And then you drive off.

It is one of your medium drives. You have violated, possibly, only eleven out of the twenty-three rules for correct driving. The ball soars in a lofty arc, edging off to the right. Sixty yards from the tee it touches earth, and bounds another fifty, when it hits the frozen surface of a puddle and skids against a tree-trunk, a further ninety yards ahead. The angle at which it hits the tree just corrects your slice to perfection, and there you are, in a dead straight line with the pin, with a two hundred and thirty yard drive to your credit.

This is Golf, in the true sense of the word.

Even now, however, your happiness is not complete. You have omitted to take into consideration the fact that you are playing what are called Winter Rules, which entitle you to tee your ball up in the fairway. So you remove the pill from the cuppy lie into which it has settled and look round you for a convenient hillock. You can usually find a worm-cast or a mole-hill of a convenient height, and from this you propel the ball onto the green.

The green is a trifle rough, perhaps, but, after all, what does that matter? Experts will try to tell you otherwise, but every beginner knows that putting is a pure game of chance, and that you are just as likely to hole out over rough ground as over smooth. I, personally, prefer a worm-cast or two on the green.

They seem to lend zip to my putting.

OF course, there are weeks in the Winter when golf on the links is impossible, unless you happen to be in such an advanced stage of mental decay that you can contemplate with equanimity a round in the snow with a red ball. The ordinary golfer, unequal to such excesses, will take, during these weeks, to indoor golf. There are two varieties of the indoor game, both almost equally enjoyable.

The Glories of Indoor Golf

THE first, and more customary, kind of Indoor Golf is that played in department stores, where professionals live in little dens on the Toys and Sporting Goods floor and give instruction, at a dollar the half hour. You stand on a rubber mat: the ball is placed on an ordinary door-mat: and you swat it against a target painted on a mattress.

The merits of this plan are obvious.

It is almost impossible not to hit the mattress somewhere, and it makes just as satisfactory a thud whether you hit it in the middle or in one of the outlying suburbs. And in indoor golf, as played in department stores, the thud is everything. This indoor instruction is invaluable. I may say that I, myself, am what I am as a golfer almost entirely through indoor instruction.

In the fall of 1917 I was a steady hundred-and-twenty man. Sometimes I would get into difficulties at one or other of the holes, as the best players will do, and then my score would be a hundred and thirty. Sometimes, again, I would find my form early in the round and shoot a hundred and eighteen. But, take me for all in all, I averaged a hundred and twenty. After a steady winter of indoor instruction, I was going round, this Spring, in a hundred and twelve.

These figures speak for themselves.

Of course, the drawback to department-store golf is that it is so difficult to reproduce the same conditions when you get out on the links. I have been in a variety of lies, good and bad, in my time, but never yet have I had the luck to drop my ball on a doormat. Why this should be so, it is hard to say. I suppose the fact is that, unless you actually pull the ball, off the first tee, at right angles between your legs, it is not easy to land on a door-mat. And, even then, it would probably be a rubber doormat, which is not at all the same thing.

Indoor Sport for the Housewreckers' Union

THE other form of indoor golf is that which is played in the home. Whether you live in a palace or a hovel, an indoor golf-course, be it only of nine holes, is well within your reach. A house offers greater facilities than an apartment, and I have found my game greatly improved since I went to live in the country. I can, perhaps, scarcely do better than give a brief description of the sporting nine-hole course which I have recently laid out in my present residence.

All authorities agree that the first hole on every links should be moderately easy, in order to give the nervous player a temporary and fictitious confidence.

At Wodehouse Manor, therefore, we drive off from the front door—in order to get the

benefit of the door-mat—down an entry fairway, carpeted with rugs, and without traps. The hole—a loving-cup from the Inebriates' Daughters of Communipaw for my services in combating the drink evil—is just under the stairs; and a good player ought to have no difficulty in doing it in two.

The second hole, a short one, takes you into the telephone booth. This also is simple. Trouble begins with the third, a long dog-leg hole through the kitchen into the dining-room. This hole is well trapped with table-legs, kitchen utensils, and a moving hazard in the person of Clarence the cat, who is generally wandering about the fairway. The hole is under the glass-and-china cupboard, where you are liable to be bunkered if you loft your approach-shot excessively. It is better to take your light iron and try a running-up approach instead of becoming ambitious with the mashie-niblick.

The fourth and fifth holes call for no comment. They are straightforward holes without traps, the only danger being that you may lose a stroke through hitting the maid if she happens to be coming down the back stairs while you are taking a mashie-shot. This is a penalty under the local rule.

A Word as to the Water Hazard

THE sixth is the indispensable water-hole. It is short, but tricky. Teeing off from just outside the bathroom door, you have to loft the ball over the side of the bath, holing out in the little vent pipe, at the end where the water runs out. It is apparently a simple shot, but I have known many fine players, notably Ouimet, and Chick Evans, who have taken threes and fours over it. It is a niblick shot, and to use a full swing with the brassey is courting disaster. (In the Open Championship of 1914 Ouimet broke all precedents by taking a shovel for his tee-shot, and the subsequent controversy and the final ruling of the Golf Association will be fresh in the memory of all.)

The seventh is the longest hole on the course. Starting at the entrance of the best bedroom, a full drive takes you to the head of the stairs, whence you will need at least two more strokes to put you dead on the pin in the drawing-room. In the drawing-room the fairway is trapped with photograph frames—with glass, complete—these serving as casual water: and anyone who can hole out on the piano in five or under is a player of class. Bogey is six, and I have known even such a capable exponent of the game as my Uncle Reginald, who is plus two on his home links on Park Avenue, to take twenty-seven at the hole. But on that occasion he had the misfortune to be bunkered in a photograph of my Aunt Clara and took no fewer than eleven strokes with his niblick to extricate himself from it.

The eighth and ninth holes are straightforward, and can be done in two and three respectively, provided you swing easily and avoid the canary's cage. Once trapped there, it is better to give up the hole without further effort. It is almost impossible to get out in less than fifty-six, and after you have taken about thirty the bird gets visibly annoyed.



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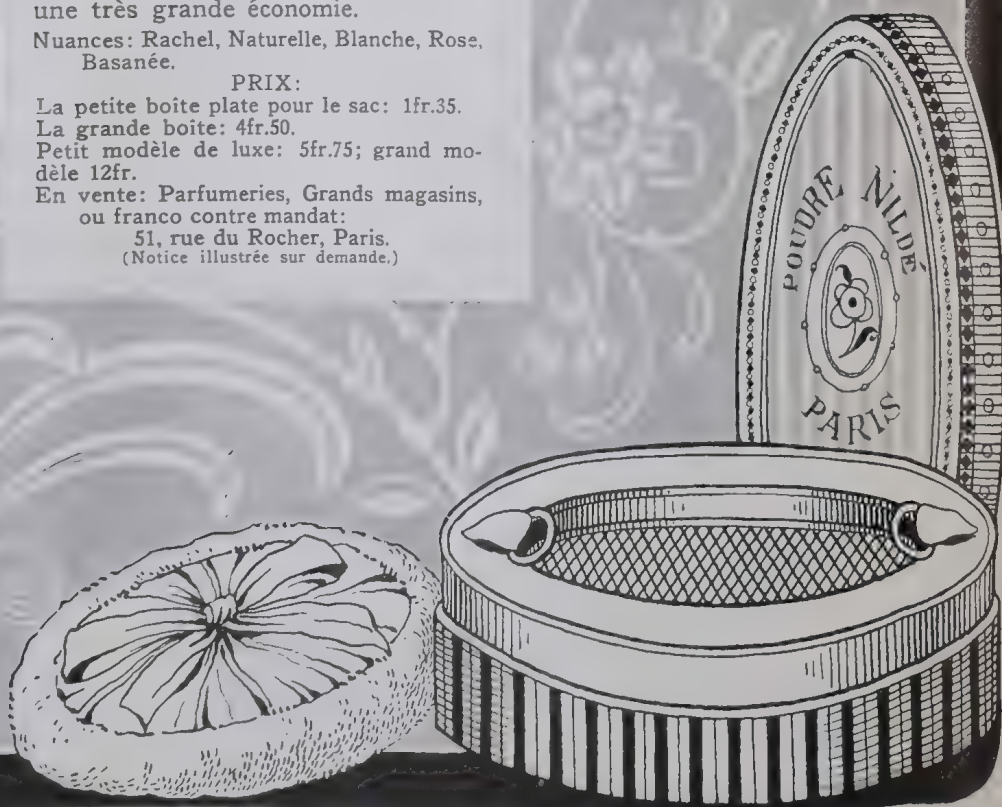
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THE REAWAKENING LIFE of PARIS

(Continued from page 55)

and are very finely plaited. This plaiting is a very clever idea, for in the rhythm of the dance these delicate petals separate and stand out about the silhouette like petals of a great chrysanthemum.

It is in such originations as this that imagination is combined with harmony, the ideal of perfect taste. Such perfection is rare, but the end of the war gives us hope, for French taste has come again, unimpaired from the wreckage and disasters of war.

THE NEW SILK FLOWERS

Among the exquisite novelties which have come to deck our frocks are the modern versions of silk flowers. Life is not yet sufficiently normal and free from care for us to dash into a riot of colour and a madness of flowers to make our trimmings sing with gaiety, but we need only have a little patience. Meanwhile, the fairy who presides over the woman of fashion has been busy. About the neck of evening bodices or along the opening of skirts, she runs a little cord of tiny roses made of the material of the frock; of satin, crêpe, or taffeta, black, white, or brown, and without foliage. It is the newest sort of trimming.

There is also a remarkable new frock made without foundation for skirt or bodice. I had almost said without any bodice at all, for there are only the narrowest of bands of velvet crossing to hold the gown over the shoulders. This is the most modern of all costumes, changing the gown we know to the draped veils of the Greek woman. This new costume delights our artists and attracts all those of æsthetic taste; it is among the most interesting developments of the mode this season. Little as I like the term "mode," I am forced

to use it until one shall be invented which better expresses the idea of that elegance which distinguishes certain women only, in our world of fashion. These women are the creators, the true source of elegance, as it were; others follow the mode. All smartly gowned women at present, for example, wear fringes on their dance frocks. The half dozen women of exceptional elegance, however, have already introduced the flower-petal frock. In the same way, by the time that these flower-petal frocks are generally adopted, these women of great distinction will be wearing something quite different, which they themselves have originated or have inspired the great makers to create.

Among the reviews of the mode which we have witnessed in recent weeks have been several at which the processions of manikins passed to the music of a negro orchestra and the review ended with a cup of tea. This innovation gives to an "opening" something of the charm of a spectacle at the theatre, but I see in it a danger for the woman who, seeing a distinctive costume on some splendidly beautiful manikin brought expressly from London or elsewhere for this single appearance, may believe that she herself will be as beautiful, as tall, and as entrancing when clad in a similar gown.

Oh *coquettes sans merci*, take care that you do not adopt costumes which were designed for types other than your own. Therein lies the fatal mistake.

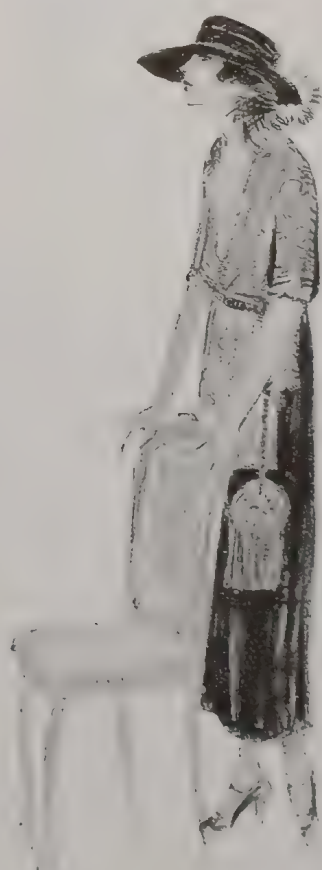
LEADERS AND FOLLOWERS OF MODES

It is well to remember, also, that the manikins who pass in these reviews are adorned, made up as for a theatrical performance (as indeed it is), and that

(Continued on page 86)

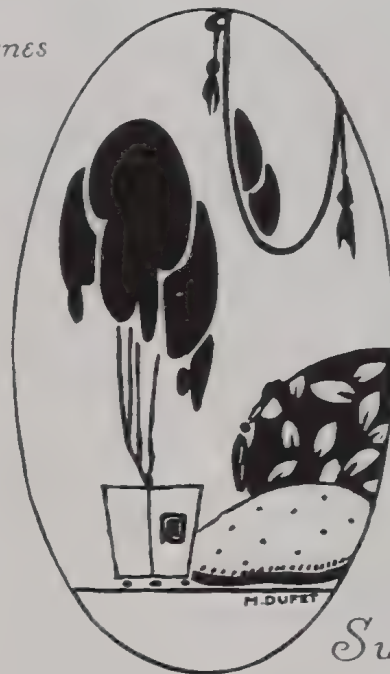


Madame Georges Mènier turns a cold shoulder on the very short skirt in her gown of blue and mauve lamé, green girdled



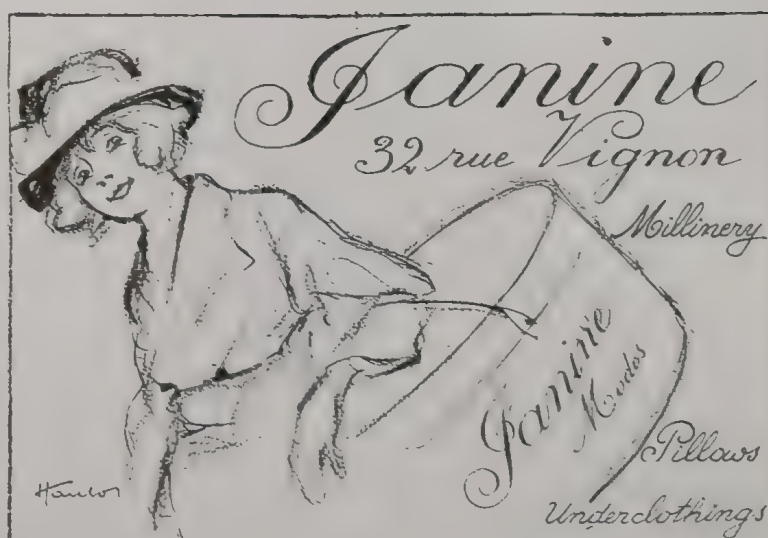
Madame de Limantour lends originality to the familiar black satin and black Chantilly frock by designs in blue sequins


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THE REAWAKENED LIFE OF PARIS

(Continued from page 85)

very rarely in the life a real woman must lead, will time be granted to count the steps thus, to hold the little finger in just such a position and no other, to look at one certain point and no other; yet all these things make a vast difference in the effect of the model.

Flowers in bouquets or garlands appear on many of the hats and are often in natural colours, just as we have long known them. Often, also, they are made of sombre fabrics in two tones and are sewn like an appliqué on the brim or the crown.

Madame de Mier, very young and very pretty, was, if possible, prettier than ever under an immense violet capeline trimmed at the front with a huge bouquet of violets. Mlle. Sorel, who likes hats of light colour to accompany her afternoon gowns (which are usually black) has been wearing of late a low and rather large capeline of gold straw draped with a crêpe de chine scarf of the same colour with a border of fringe.

The Duchess of Sforza sometimes floats through the waltz in a black satin gown, the tulle skirt of which is crossed

by three bands of uncurled black ostrich swaying gracefully with the movement of her body. It is a charming gown, simple in effect and completed by the most engaging of hats, a Directoire model which emphasizes the widening of the brim at the front by two long horizontal sprays of black paradise standing out at the right. This is the only trimming on the hat, but it is a trimming quite different from any other, and its originality reminds us that it was the beautiful Duchess of Sforza who had the eyes of her fox furs of inset cabuchon saphires.

That, clearly, could never become a mode. And that is the distinction which I would make. The examples of it are many; one needs only to look for them, and doubtless many will come to mind as I write of the things which are happening in that Paris which has come to life again with the end of the war. Meanwhile, it is worth while to consider the truth of that maxim of Madame de Gerardin, "The woman of distinction does not follow the mode, she flees from it."

J. R. F.



IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAID'S FANCY—

"I'll be so glad when the real warm days come; then we can wear lighter things"

DOMESTIC PRODUCTS

Worse Than Death

CAUTIOUSLY the Woman opened the door of the room and entered, closing the door behind her. The room was cheap. The Woman's hat was cheap. Her soul was cheap. Once her soul had nourished the nobility, the gentleness that is in every woman. But that had been crushed out long ago—destroyed ruthlessly, as might have been the bacillus of a dread disease.

From her shabby bosom with its glimpse of frayed, dirty white, she drew a tiny bottle—a chemist would have called it a phial. In the darkening shadows of the Woman's eyes was hunger, and disappointment, and the dead hope of many things. Cautiously she looked about the bare room, scarce heeding the soiled corset tossed upon the bed, or the dingy cotton wrapper thrown over the broken chair. She stood defiantly before the cracked, green mirror, which offered her a mocking, sinister reflection. Suddenly, with teeth still white and strong, she plucked the cork from the tiny phial and emptied it.

And then, into the stale and stuffy room there stole the stifling odor of Mary Garden.



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It is not only in their dances that Lemordant, himself a Breton, finds interest in the Brittany peasants

A R T

(Continued from page 61)

sibility become a fact, the world of art will be greatly the richer.

Of smaller exhibitions there were many during April, for peace has brought a wonderful impetus to art, and the end of the art season this year promises to be more brilliant than its height last winter. At the Montross Gallery were fourteen recent works by Horatio Walker, which showed him not only in his familiar rôle as a painter of sturdy labourers and powerful horses, but in a new mood, painting mistily blue moonlights and turning to myth and legend for his subject. The "Girl and Turkeys," successfully portrayed in oils last year, is here delicately sketched in water colour in a new composition. The large gallery at Knoedler's was devoted to paintings by George Bellows, including some of his forceful war paintings and some child portraits, among them an engaging "Miss Anne" with quaint frock and parasol.

War memorials afford a problem which at present is very much in the foreground in art discussions. As a nation, our past record in war memorials shows less than might be desired of sustained excellence. We have, un-

questionably, memorials which any nation might envy us, such as the St. Gaudens Sherman at the Plaza, one of the finest equestrian statues in the world, the equally fine St. Gaudens Farragut at Madison Square, and Lincoln Park memorial in Chicago, and others of equal or nearly equal excellence. But who can regard with calmness our fall to utter banality in such æsthetic horrors as the monument to the Maine at Columbus Circle.

It is, therefore, encouraging to note the efforts which are being made by many of the larger art associations to place expert art opinion at the service of communities which are planning to erect war memorials and to give to the general public some definite standards by which to judge the plans of proposed memorials. Excellent work in this good cause is being done by the Municipal Art Society of New York, which has issued a well-illustrated bulletin on "War Memorials," and by the American Federation of Arts, which has appointed an advisory committee on war memorials, whose help and advice are at the service of all those who are planning war memorials in this country.



Last month's exhibition at the Montross Gallery showed Horatio Walker in a new mood, a mood in which he forsakes his familiar Dutch colouring and Millet figures to paint blue moonlight and mythical subjects, as Hippocrène



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TWO LITTLE COTTAGES

(Continued from page 67)




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tains are of coarse white linen with bands of a coarse dark green braid and fringe shot with yellow and terra-cotta. Metal tie-backs covered with the fringe hold back the curtains. The shaped valances are cut from the famous Napoleon chintz and edged on three sides with the dark braid. The Aubusson rug has a field of blue diamonds and a red pink border. The Empire bed, painted white with green lines, has the head and foot-boards covered with the Napoleon chintz. The bedspread and two rolls are also covered with the chintz bound with green braid.

In the broad wall space opposite the bed and between the windows, there is a dressing-table with hangings of coarse white linen edged with green braid. A triple mirror with a blue frame rests on this dressing-table. The Directoire bench of walnut with carved ends, upholstered in dark green cambric, has two tiny rolls at the ends. Two delightful Empire chairs painted white with black feet and covered with Napoleon chintz are also used in the room. The bedside table is a small round one of cream marble, supported by three swans. The lamp on the table is made from an antique porcelain group, representing a number of figures standing under a tree. The top of the tree was cut off and wiring for electricity brought through the base; then a pale yellow shade was put on and the top of the tree replaced above it.

The little house on the left holds the dining-room, kitchen, and the servants' rooms. There is a small square entrance hall, but in this case there are no stairs to be seen. Instead, the wall space opposite the door is filled by a Georgian china cupboard, with arched top and fluted shelves, blue edged. This cupboard holds a collection of white pottery, and the top shelf is occupied by a magnificent white porcelain peacock with spread tail. When the door is open one looks across from the other little house and sees this beautiful peacock with the spreading tail.

THE DIRECTOIRE DINING-ROOM

The important room in this cottage is the dining-room, also Directoire. The floor has been covered with cream coloured composition, marbled to look like an inlaid floor of cream marble, with the familiar star-shaped design in the centre. The main part of the floor suggests cream and yellow marble, and between the black border and this cream colour lies a Greek border of black on yellow. The walls are broken into panels by clever use of wall-papers of different colours, beadings, and

mouldings. The woodwork is painted pale grey, and this grey is used for the outside of the panels. The inner part of the panels is of bright cream paper.

The curtains in this room are of glazed chintz of white ground with Pompeian figures in bright blue and terra-cotta. They are finished with a terra-cotta fringe. The dining-table has an old-gilt pedestal base with a mahogany top. This table is quite long and is usually spread with a heavy Italian lace and set with four little white urns filled with pink flowers. The chairs are extremely simple Empire ones of mahogany with little touches of gold and black. The six side chairs have seats of a pink toned material, and the two armchairs are covered with violet and white checked homespun. The long serving-table, which has been made to go with the chairs, has upon it a figurine flanked by two flower-filled yellow vases. Above the serving-table hangs a Directoire mirror with a black frame and with gold curtains draped becomingly against its sides.

APPROPRIATE ACCESSORIES

Opposite this wall a black and gilt stand holds a square Dutch chest. The sides of this chest are painted in brilliant colour, but the front of it is made up of gilt drawer fronts. On the top of this chest stands a huge covered tureen of old Lowestoft with terra-cotta knobs and handles. Above that hangs a Pompeian picture in terra-cotta on black with a black glass frame. The silver, which has been planned especially for this little house, bears the shell pattern which is the architectural motif of the windows outside.

The dining-room opens onto a porch exactly like that of the living-room. Here a dark green Italian table and chairs are used. A large black and straw coloured checked rug is used on the red brick floor, and a long green table against the whitewashed brick wall is filled with many pots of crimson and cherry colour begonias. A half circle of evergreens has been planted as a background for a curved garden seat just beyond this porch.

Few great houses offer so much amusing detail as these cottages, and yet down the great drive one may seek other pleasures, low spreading greenhouses, an orangerie with a box garden and pebbled baths before it, and cherubic lead figures on its long roof. Balustraded walls lead from the orangerie to the beautiful ravines of the woods. One thinks with pleasant anticipation of the beauty the years will bring to this well-begun domain.



SEEN on the STAGE

(Continued from page 63)

other because they have been brought up to worship ideals that are antithetically different. What the stricken world now needs is the balsam of a better understanding; but ours is the better understanding, and this should be imposed—by kindly insistence, if necessary—upon the newest generation that has issued from the loins of the Barbarians of the North.

"A BURGOMASTER OF BELGIUM"

LIFE in the little town of Stilemonde, in Belgium, had always passed very peacefully until the Germans came. The Burgomaster was a gentle soul, friendly, happy, well to do, and devoted to the raising of many rare and lovely kinds of fruits and flowers in his hothouses and gardens. He knew and liked everybody in the town, and all the citizens adored him. He was so catholic in his humanity that he even liked the Germans, not suspecting them to be different from other people,—in token whereof he had given his own daughter in marriage to a young German, Otto Hilmer, who had come to Stilemonde with the announced desire to study the cultivation of orchids. Some time in June, 1914, Otto Hilmer was suddenly called back to Germany on personal business of immediate importance, and said a quick farewell to his young wife—the Burgomaster's daughter—although she knew already that she was destined to become a mother.

On a quiet morning in August, 1914, we meet the Burgomaster in the living-room of his well-appointed and hospitable house. His thoughts are devoted to his grapes, his roses, and his orchids; and his main immediate concern is to combat a blight that has attacked them. A sorely wounded Belgian soldier suddenly appears. He is running away from the advancing German armies and endeavouring to rejoin his own regiment before he dies. This wounded soldier brings tidings of the German atrocities committed at Aerschot, at Dinant, and at many other towns. These tidings the Burgomaster naturally refuses to believe, on the ground that human beings could not possibly be guilty of such uncivilized behaviour; and though the wounded soldier reports facts and dates and names and numbers—precisely as they are now recorded, for the reading of all future generations, in the Belgian White Book—the Burgomaster remains incredulous. (So, for a long time, the whole non-German world remained incredulous, until the Bryce Report was published.)

The soldier says that the Burgomaster will soon be able to judge for himself, since a detachment of the 62nd German infantry is marching on the town, with Herr Ober-Lieutenant Otto Hilmer among its complement of officers. "Why, then," replies the Burgomaster, "everything will be all right, for Otto will look after us. . . ." Yet, as custodian of the town, he is careful to order all firearms of every kind to be delivered immediately to the town hall and to be locked up in a strong room whose only key is carried by his faithful secretary.

The German detachment soon arrives. It is commanded by Major the Baron von Rochow, who is attended by two Ober-Lieutenants, Herr Karl von Shaunberg and the Burgomaster's own son-in-law, Herr Otto Hilmer. The Major is a busy man and is admirably business-like. In a few brief words, he states that he and his officers will quarter themselves in the best rooms of the house, orders the Burgomaster to advance his luncheon-time by half an hour, imposes a war-levy on the town.

and informs the Burgomaster that he will be held as a hostage against the possible outbreak of any disorder among the citizens. All this is in accordance with military custom; and, from the logical point of view, the Major is more to be applauded for his practical succinctness than to be condemned for his failure to employ the circumlocutions of ordinary courtesy.

The German soldiers behave pretty well in the house of their temporary host. One private somewhat rudely hangs a military proclamation on the Burgomaster's crucifix, another private loots the wine-cellar and appropriates his favourite pipe and another private, in a playful moment, cuffs the Burgomaster's private secretary roughly in the face; but these three are ignorant underlings, and propagandists who deny the world dichotomy that Materlinck insists upon might still argue that American or French or British privates would do the same things in a similar situation. (So they did argue, for four years, until the French, American, and British armies assumed their watch upon the Rhine and taught the Germans of Mainz, Coblenz, and Cologne how civilized victors may behave.)

Everything goes well enough until the Herr Ober-Lieutenant Karl von Shaunberg wanders out into the Burgomaster's garden and is suddenly shot and killed by some unknown assailant. An immediate autopsy shows that the fatal wound was inflicted by a military rifle: the only military rifles in Stilemonde are German rifles: Herr von Shaunberg was known to be detested by his own men, because of his innate brutality; and the inference is that one of his own men has murdered him. But this inference is at once dismissed by the commanding Major, the Baron von Rochow. The Major reasons thus, with logic that is irrefragable (not even Kant of Königsberg could find a flaw in the syllogism):—1st Premise, the German army is the best trained and most thoroughly disciplined in the world; 2nd Premise, in the best trained and most thoroughly disciplined army in the world, all soldiers are forbidden to shoot their officers; Conclusion, therefore, the Herr Ober-Lieutenant Karl von Shaunberg was not shot by a soldier of the German army.

The Major is merciful but just. He admits that, according to the German military regulations, he might order the whole town to be burned and pillaged and all the women and children to be massacred; but, being merciful by nature, he would rather not do that. Instead, he will content himself with a single victim, who is ordered to be executed at 7 P. M. precisely. That is only just. Being a good fellow—as we say in our part of the world—the Major would prefer to execute the actual assailant; but the Major is a busy man, he has no time to waste, and if the actual assailant is not produced before 7 P. M., the Burgomaster, who is held as hostage, must obviously be executed in his stead. Once more, the pattern of this German logic must be admired.

The Burgomaster's head-gardener, Claus, is arrested and examined, because he happened to be pruning roses near the spot where the Ober-Lieutenant was killed, at the moment when the fatal shot was fired. Claus is obviously innocent; but he is a superannuated man and therefore, according to the most disinterested logic, comparatively worthless to the world. Otto Hilmer—a young German of the finest type—desiring to stretch a point to save his father-in-law from a penalty unmerited, advises the Burgomaster to fasten the assassination upon Claus and to allow this toothless and decrepit servitor to be comfort-

(Continued on page 90)



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(Continued from page 89)



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ably shot at 7 P. M. When the Burgomaster replies that this procedure is impossible because old Claus is innocent. Otto Hilmer rejoins that the Burgomaster is also innocent and that, since the Burgomaster's life is obviously more important than that of the gardener, it is the logical duty of the Burgomaster to save his own skin by consigning his unfortunate adherent to the firing-squad. The German Major has been very mildly just; he has demanded no more than a single victim: obviously, under the circumstances, the only reasonable thing to do is to offer as a victim a worthless senile who, in any case, would be called away by death, in accordance with the ordinary course of nature, within the compass of a year or two.

The Burgomaster repeats that this procedure is impossible. His son-in-law, who is trying very hard to combat the apparently absurd illogicality of the respected relative by marriage whose life he is endeavouring to save, finally throws up the argument by saying, "I can not understand your behaviour!" To this the Burgomaster of Belgium answers, with serene simplicity, "It's only the way in which all decent people behave. . . ."

Many citizens of Stilemonde implore the privilege of dying in the Burgomaster's place; but these requests are waved away by the large man whose imagination will permit him to sacrifice his post of martyrdom only in favour of the actual culprit. If any innocent person must be executed, he should be the one, because he is the most powerful among them and might most easily escape. (This syllogism is not strictly logical: and flaws might be found in it by many German philosophers less illustrious than Kant.)

The plot is complicated when Otto Hilmer—who is basically what we call, in our part of the world, a fine fellow—is ordered to command the firing party that has been detailed to shoot to death his innocent father-in-law. Otto burs the Burgomaster, once again, to relieve the situation by furnishing some other victim from the many that have volunteered for martyrdom. But the Belgian Burgomaster, being civilized, can not see why he should save himself by consigning some other innocent fellow-citizen to death. At this point in the plot, a clear and terrible dichotomy is shown between the German mind, which always reasons logically, and the non-German mind, which is accustomed to permit exceptions to the logic of self-interest.

At the end of the piece, the Burgomaster of Belgium is shot to death—because of his own foolishness, as regarded from the German point of view. At the last moment the Major relents and speaks the fatal order to the riflemen himself, instead of delegating this duty to the Herr Ober-Lieutenant Otto Hilmer. This act of mercy is scarcely harmonious with the issued dictates of the German military regulations; but the Baron von Rochow is singularly merciful by nature, although of course unscrupulously just. Otto—a very likable young fellow—returns to his wife with hands technically clean of the murder of her father. Quite illogically, she repulses him. "Won't you ever understand?" he implores; and this invitation to a reconciliation is more than a little pitiful. "No," she answers, with finality, "It is you—you—who can never understand" . . .

What is to be done to solve a clear dichotomy when neither party to the conflict can ever understand the other? . . . The answer is absolutely simple. That one of the two parties which is the more just (and therefore, in the long run, the more powerful) must put

the other party on probation, until the sands have run out from the turning of the vials of the wrath of the eternal gods. This is the message of the one and only war play that has been offered to the world by the laurelled dramatist of Belgium, Maurice Maeterlinck.

"39 EAST"

"39 EAST" is the name of a boarding-house; and the latest production of Rachel Crothers is a study of life as it is lived in a typical home for the homeless. Miss Crothers, who has long been known as one of our best playwrights, is endowed with many gifts: one of these is her meticulous ability for observation of the actual; and this is the sole gift that stood her in good stead when she dragged the present composition from her trunk—since the critic must assume, from internal evidence alone, that "39 East" was written several years ago.

Most theatregoers, at one time or another, have lived in a boarding-house; and it is mainly by virtue of its waving of the wand of reminiscence that "39 East" appeals to so large a section of the public. Everybody seated on the hither side of the footlights likes to be reminded that he knows what he knows; and the author's chronicle of life in a boarding-house is unimpeachable for careful verity.

Otherwise, the piece is of small account. It is feeble in story, faltering in plot, and defective in construction. Two young people meet and marry; and that is all there is to the story. It must be admitted that this narrative is not astonishingly novel. Between the first and third acts, which are set in the repressive sitting-room of 39 East, a more poetic act is interposed which is set in the idyllic atmosphere of Central Park. Somewhere in Central Park, the two young people meet by appointment and initiate their romance.

The play is badly constructed, because the only character who is assumed to interpose a barrier to the progress of this young romance is never permitted to appear upon the stage. An interesting *scène à faire* has, obviously, been avoided. In the third and final act, the heroine merely narrates to the hero a record of events off-stage by which he is assured that he may safely marry her "in the end of all."

This play, despite its obvious defects in invention and construction, succeeds primarily because of its irresistible appeal to the faculty of reminiscence in the audience and secondarily because of the verisimilitude with which it is acted and presented. The author should feel deeply indebted to Constance Binney and to Henry Hull, the two young people who play the leading parts, and to several other actors who are both well cast and well rehearsed. "39 East" is one of those plays that would have to be acted very well or else not acted at all. It is scarcely sturdy enough to stand by itself; yet, as presented, it appears to be popular and may be said to deserve its popularity.

"SHAKUNTALA"

PERHAPS the tritest of all axioms is that which tells us that this is only a small world after all; yet it is almost uncanny to note the similarity of sentiment and setting between the love scene in Central Park, in "39 East," and the love scene in the forest, in "Shakuntala," a drama written half the world away and fifteen hundred years ago. The Hindus, long before we knew them, were people like ourselves. Humanity appears to be the same the wide world over,—except between the

(Continued on page 91)

SEEN on the STAGE

(Continued from page 90)

Rhine and the Vistula. (Maurice Maeterlinck implores us to remember this exception; and doubtless ancient Kalidasa would agree with him, since he also dealt with people who threw reason to winds at any waving of the wand of the ideal.)

"Shakuntala" has lately been produced for a series of special matinees at the Greenwich Village Theatre. The programme informs us that "of all the Hindu dramatists and poets the most celebrated is Kalidasa, the author of this play. He lived in the fifth century; but was unknown to the occidental world until a little over a hundred years ago, when Sir William Jones, the eminent English Orientalist, discovered the Sanskrit drama." The version employed at the Greenwich Village Theatre was cut, adapted, and arranged by Charles Henry Meltzer from the English translation of Sir Monier Monier-Williams. Incidental music was composed by W. Franke Harling; and the costumes and settings were designed by Livingston Platt.

This ancient Hindu drama tells a very simple tale of love. A great king, hunting in a forest, meets and loves a simple maiden of the woods,—the foster-daughter of a holy hermit. They plight their troth and marry. Then a curse is visited upon them; and, when the king returns to his palace, a veil envelopes his memory and he forgets the maiden that he wooed and won among the trees. After seven months of loneliness, Shakuntala, who is soon to become the mother of the noble son for whom the king has longed, presents herself at the royal palace. The king fails to recognize her. Then a miracle occurs, and Shakuntala is wafted away by spirits to some high heaven. Thereupon there comes a rending of the veil which had obfuscated the memory of the king. He knows his loss, and fares forth through the universe, seeking Shakuntala. At last, in some high place above the clouds, he meets her once again. She comes to him all shining; and she is leading by the hand the little boy that is their son.

The method of the telling of this tale—according to our modern occidental notions—is more lyrical than dramatic. The narrative is replete with passages of very lovely poetry; but is singularly slow in movement and is not enlivened by any of those quick and hectic clashes of character on character which we have grown by custom to regard as necessary in the theatre. In technical method, "Shakuntala" seems immeasurably further away from our modern theatre than "The Trojan Women" of Euripides, which was written nearly a thousand years before the days of Kalidasa. We are nearer to the Greeks than to the Hindus. Yet the poetry of "Shakuntala" is comprehensible and moving to our modern minds; and there is something to stir imagination when hands are spontaneously clapped together in a theatre of New York to applaud the poetry of one who wrote in Sanskrit, a thousand and another half a thousand years ago. By gestures such as this, we are privileged to learn—as Dante phrased the matter—"how man makes himself eternal."

"Come l'uom s'eterna." . . . That is perhaps the greatest problem of our life. We are not sure of an immortal future, but we can assure ourselves of an immortal past. We are "the heirs of all the ages" and may master all the records of everything that has been thought and felt and said and done by our tremendous predecessors. And if we should succeed in passing on the torch, we too might be remembered sometime, like grains of star-dust that trace across the heavens the endless procession of the Milky Way. But

nothing lives but loveliness; and those of us who aspire to be remembered as long as Kalidasa, must manage somehow to say at least some single lovely little sentence before we lay aside our pens and are forgotten in our graves.

"A GOOD BAD WOMAN"

"A GOOD BAD WOMAN," by William Anthony McGuire, discusses dramatically an important theme that is usually avoided in public conversation. A young wife, who, for reasons that are not made sufficiently emphatic to become convincing to the audience, is afflicted with a horror of maternity, discovers that she is destined to become a mother. Accepting the advice of a wicked woman, she goes to a physician and requests him to relieve her of her pregnancy by performing an abortion. This physician pretends to accede to her request; but, in order to teach her a lesson, he arranges matters in such a way that she shall be forced to confess her action to her husband. After bringing matters, by this means, to a climax, the physician reveals the fact that he has done nothing to prevent the expected maternity of the misguided woman who, acting upon ill advice, had asked him to commit a crime.

This is a strong theme for a drama; but one wonders a little why it should be used as the basis of an exhibition that is offered to the public as a vehicle of entertainment. "A Good Bad Woman" is not, of course, an "immoral" composition; it is not even indecorous nor indiscreet; but it is scarcely entertaining, despite the crude dramatic power that it shows in several scenes.

The dramatic power of "A Good Bad Woman" is indisputable; but no less obvious are the crudities of the construction of the play and the inequalities of the writing. At times the text sounds insincere and bad, and at other times it sounds sincere and good; and the fluctuations between these two extremes appear to be as indefinable as the flopping of banners in a wayward breeze.

"A Good Bad Woman" is admirably acted by a cast that contains Robert Edeson, Margaret Illington, and Wilton Lackaye. The furniture and decorations, which were selected by Mrs. Richard Bennett and Mrs. Emott Buel, are worthy of a word of commendation.

"COME-ON CHARLEY"

"COME-ON CHARLEY," by George V. Hobart, may not unfairly be described as a dramatized nightmare. In the prologue, a lawyer who is suffering from a headache takes an overdose of an opiate; and, until he recovers consciousness in the epilogue, the play deals entirely with the phantasmagoria of his dream. What he dreams is a farce that is a little more preposterous than those that are usually dreamt by Mr. Hobart himself, without the use of headache powders.

An uncle dies in China and leaves ten thousand dollars to his nephew, a shoe-clerk in Stamford. The lawyer hands this money to the shoe-clerk—but in order to stimulate the young man to industry, he hits upon the fabulous idea of telling him that his uncle has left him an additional million dollars on condition that he shall succeed within six months in turning the initial ten thousand into half a million. Charley Carter, the shoe salesman, then starts out to make money in that marvellous manner that is not uncustomary in American farces. A gang of crooks and swindlers try to get his ten thousand dollars away from him; but by clever strategy he swindles the swindlers and

(Continued on page 92)

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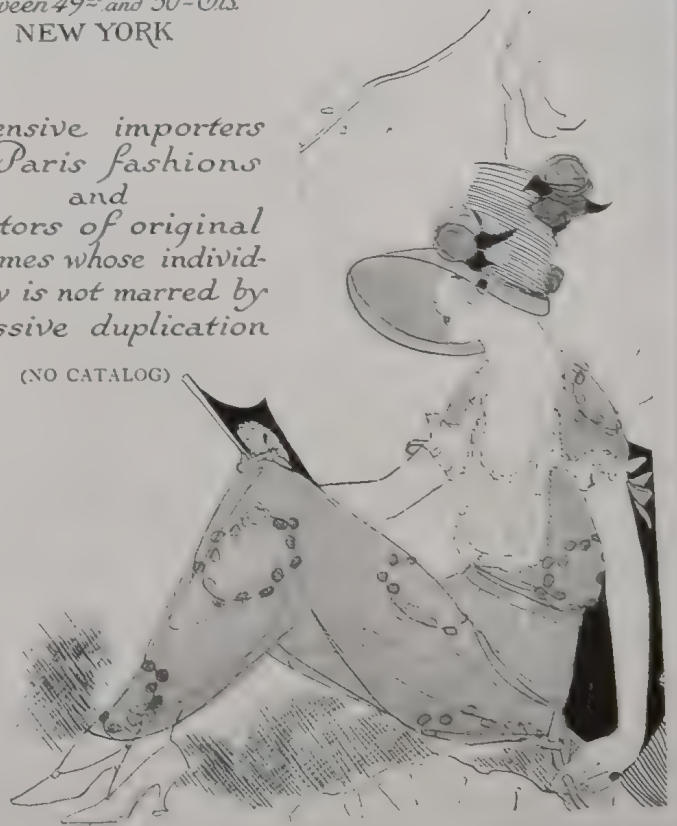


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SEEN on the STAGE

(Continued from page 91)



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beats them at their own game. The farce is extravagant to the point of absurdity, but it is undeniably funny. The performance is noisy and somewhat vulgar, and most of the parts are persistently overacted; yet this method of presentation appears to please the audience. Mr. Hobart has written many farces, and shows an experienced talent for evoking the loud guffaw that speaks the vacant mind.

"PAPA"

"PAPA," by Zoë Akins, was published four or five years ago in the Modern Drama Series. This piece has waited long for presentation in New York; but, from the author's point of view, it was worth while to wait for so fine a production as has been accorded recently by F. C. Whitney at the Little Theatre. "Papa" is an airily satirical extravaganza—a very frothy bit of intelligently comic nonsense. There could be no reason for producing it at all unless it were produced superlatively; yet Mr. Whitney's production is worthy of being decorated with this ultimate badge of praise.

The scenery, designed by Norman-Bel Geddes, is superlatively lovely in line, in colour, and in lighting; and the pretty gowns that are worn by the pretty actresses melt beautifully into a concordant background. The stage-direction—for which Richard Ordynski was in the main responsible, although

his name does not appear upon the programme—is exemplary; and the casting of the characters is well-nigh perfect. The general performance is so fine that no left-handed compliment to the other members of the congregated cast is intended when the present commentator singles out a young girl named Violette Wilson for particular praise.

The play itself can not be summarized, because any summary of the deliciously absurd and delightfully inconsequential story would do injustice to the mood of calculated irresponsibility in which the text has been composed. The whole piece reveals that merry-minded sheer divorce from actuality which was celebrated by Charles Lamb in his famous essay on the artificial comedy of the eighteenth century. This mood of airy disassociation from the actual is very rare in the American theatre. "Papa" seems not to have been written by a citizen of St. Louis, but by some more sophisticated flaneur of the boulevards of Paris, like Sacha Guitry, for example. To an educated audience, it is quite delightfully absurd and offers an obvious easement of the mind from more serious preoccupations; but an average American audience might be inclined to dismiss this *jeu d'esprit* of Zoë Akins as a composition quite incredible and merely silly. The piece may justly be defined as a record of the wild adventures of an intellect upon a spree. It is a particularly refreshing play.

WILSON HOUSE

(Continued from page 56)

The drawing-room was situated on the second floor, for Mme. Bishoffsheim, although she wished to entertain with distinction, as consideration for the future of her two sons demanded, wished to keep as her own apartments the main floor opening directly into the garden.

She had missed the green in her former residence on the Champs Elysées, and her eyes, which had given her great trouble, required the cool refreshing greenness of trees. Besides, she received only informally, and much of her time was spent in hunting. Her Master of the Hounds was the Count Bertrand de Valon, and the meet was at Versine, not far from Chantilly. Her early death, when she was but fifty-one, was unfortunately due to her love of sports, for it was the result of an accident met in the days when all the fashionable world was experimenting with the new sport of cycling.

A few months before this she had given a formal opening reception and concert in the drawing-room of her new home. This beautiful room was a reconstruction of a room in a Sicilian palace, the sculptures, ceiling, and painted walls of which had been brought bodily to France and set up at the expenditure of two years of labour. The Italian rococo style of this room is in decided contrast with the other rooms of the house, all of which are remarkable.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S STUDY

In President Wilson's study hangs a uperb collection of paintings to afford recreation from the busy hours at the Peace Conference. The dining-room is

equally rich in a wonderful Goya and a portrait of a woman by one of the English masters.

Every morning, Madame Bishoffsheim used to go, as President Wilson now goes, for a morning walk, keeping thus her unusual grace and distinction. She kept, also, throughout many years, the same coiffure, for she realized how perfectly it suited her beauty. So she consented to yield to the mode only by raising or lowering the knot of her hair, keeping always the waving black masses that framed her beautiful face at either side. It was also her whim never to appear without gloves—soft suede gloves—which she removed only at the table, for she felt that her hands alone revealed traces of age.

THE TRADITIONS OF THE HOUSE

Madame Bishoffsheim's generosity was unostentatious and untiring, and her memory will remain always with the many who learned that her great beauty was perfected by a kind and gracious heart.

The present owner of this beautiful house is Madame Francis de Croissat, wife of the dramatist, and who was Mlle. de Chevalignière before her marriage. She continues its fine tradition of beauty and graciousness, and she, also, cares little for fashionable life, preferring the pleasant companionship of a narrower circle of intimate friends.

The house is thus by tradition a fitting frame for the dignified and soberly distinguished social life which President Wilson leads, even so far from the White House as his duties take him.



NEW YORK AND ITS FRENCH ALLY

(Continued from page 59)

Lemordant, which is being given under the auspices of the French Government and Yale University. The works consist chiefly of sketches for decorations, and they are done with a freedom, vigour, and brilliancy which makes them intensely interesting. Quite apart from this they are things of compelling importance in that they represent a closed chapter in the life of a brilliant artist and a brave man. Lieutenant Lemordant, who lost his sight while leading a charge on the enemy's trenches at Arras, was present at the opening of the exhibition and throughout the afternoon chatted amusingly with the guests.

Mary Garden's Festival for the Secours Franco-Americain was undoubtedly one of the most successful benefits of the season. To begin with, the entertainment was very interesting, including single acts from some of Miss Garden's favourite operas and several successful ballets. The audience was large and of much distinction. Mrs. Ogden Goellet entertained a number of guests, among whom was Mrs. Frank Gray Griswold, very charmingly dressed in a white gown with a corsage flower of brilliant green and a great strand of emeralds around her neck. Hair ornaments have come to be rather the rule than the exception. A lovely bandeau wrought with a key design of diamonds was worn by Mrs. Sidney Fish.

INTERESTING HEAD-DRESSES

An interesting turban of gold metal cloth, which suggested a piece of Italian brocade, was worn by one of the occupants of a box. The cloth was so bound around the head that not a particle of hair showed, and long earrings of diamonds enhanced the effect. Unless a woman has fine strong features, a head-dress of this kind should not be attempted, but in this case it was an extremely happy choice. Another unusual head-dress consisted of a band of black tulle bound low about the brow, and from it long wisps of silky

black feathers swept down over the cheek and under the chin. Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt wore her accustomed bandeau and made a very lovely picture in a gown of dull green. In deference to the nation for whose benefit the performance was given, a knot of tricoloured ribbon was fastened at the left side of her square décolletage. Mrs. Roche, who since the close of the war has begun to go about once more, donned, after the performance, a most interesting long coat of chinchilla squirrel cut on lines that suggested one of the new capes. It was banded at top and bottom with black fox, which was a striking note of contrast with her white fur and the soft grey of the other fur of the wrap.

AFTER PALM BEACH

People are now coming back from Palm Beach, and the town is crowded. On Fifth Avenue on a Sunday afternoon, one sees many familiar figures. Mrs. Cornelius Tangeman is looking particularly lovely these days in a long black cape and a broad, flat, slightly peaked hat. Mrs. Frederick Frelinghuysen still adheres on cool days to an exceedingly smart little suit of dark blue cloth collared and cuffed with krimmer and distinctly Russian in effect. With this she wears a small turban feathered on one side.

These small turbans are, especially in Batavia straw, being quite extensively worn. They fit the head very snugly and are sparsely trimmed. One of the smartest of these was worn the other day by a woman with red brown hair. Her turban of Batavia straw was henna coloured, and, toning in with her hair, produced an effect that was very becoming and very smart. Another extremely effective use of henna colour was seen in a cape of henna cloth, deeply collared and banded about the middle with chinchilla fur. A small feathered black hat completed a most striking costume with happy results.

A Wondrous Thing That I Have Made

By MARJORIE HILLIS

I, TOO, have made a very wondrous thing:
Made it with all an artist's dreams and fears;
Built it, through throbbing days and hope-starred nights;
Carved it from visions, polished it with tears.
And now I hold it, finished, in my hands;
So strong and pure and passionate and true,
I am a little awed that it is mine,
This wondrous, shining thing—my love for you.

BECAUSE I used my talent worthily,
It matters not if you pass by with scorn.
Passions are kindling, given us by God,
To feed the flame whereof great things are born.
And we may let these passions flare and fade,
Or guard and tend them well that, ere they die,
They may have fashioned something beautiful,
Made, like this love, to serve a purpose high.

I DO not know the purpose, nor can guess:
Perhaps, for me, an hour will come so dark
That I may only find my way toward Heaven,
By groping, blindly, after some small spark
From this bright, glowing flame. I only know
That now, exultantly, with head unbowed,
I hold a wondrous thing that I have made,
Rejoicing in its beauty, dauntless, proud.



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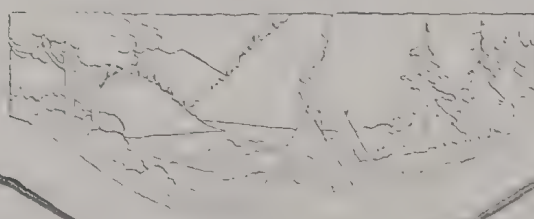
If she has known the perfection of fit and the exquisite quality of fabric of the silk gloves made by the Mohawk Silk Fabric Company, she will wish to know that these gloves are now marked with the Mohawk name wherever they are sold. If the name is not stamped in the wrist it is not the "Quality Glove of America".

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The GENTLE ART of DRINKING TEA

(Continued from page 53)

ing display ready for serving. Layer cake is seldom used, since all cakes are of the sort one eats with the fingers. There will be, too, thin brown or white bread with butter, and small sandwiches. English Varsity men love above all else with their tea, jam sandwiches. But the crowning triumph of an hour of triumphs is the mighty plump cake which the hostess usually cuts at the table.

Lemon and cream, of course, are among the accessories, and, for a foreign guest, a small decanter of rum stands on the tea-tray. No decoration is ever permitted on the tray, not even a vase of flowers, for each article must have its distinct use.

In order to further the atmosphere of friendship and informality, the guests assist the hostess in serving. A kettle for hot water and an alcohol lamp to keep it constantly warm stand conveniently near.

In case the tea is, on the contrary, to be large and formal, the guests are first ushered into the tea-room, where servants serve at small tables, after which they enter the drawing-room to greet the hostess. To some extent, America has copied this custom.

America is becoming more and more devoted to tea. We, too, have now our different tea-parties—those in the garden, those before the fire, and those more elaborate and social events. More and more, we are coming to appreciate, to love, and to foster this gentle art, and we can not do better, while originating our own little customs, than to remember and use the lovely English ceremonies as well.

Cool drinks for the summer tea-table are many and delicious and may be served in charming surroundings. The tea-table may be spread on a shady slope of lawn or in the garden or on some corner of the veranda. A few of them are to be made as follows:

SPARKLING LEMONADE

Lemonade is one of the most easily prepared and most refreshing of hot weather beverages, and a pleasant variation of the ordinary, juice, sugar, and water concoction is made by slicing six oranges, shredding one pineapple, and adding one box of hulled strawberries to the juice of three dozen lemons and

three pounds of granulated sugar that have been put into a punch-bowl with a large cube of ice. Just before serving, four quarts of carbonic water are added. This will make sufficient lemonade for twenty-five persons.

BURLINGTON

The rind of a lemon is rubbed with a half tablespoonful of dry sugar and then three slices each of orange and lemon, one slice of cucumber peel, and a few berries are added and mixed with a small glass each of brandy, maraschino, and white curaçoa and a wine-glass of sherry. These are put into a vessel containing a big lump of ice, and a quart of champagne and a bottle of soda are added. The glasses in which this is most deliciously served are ornamented with sprigs of fresh mint.

PIPPIN FIZZ

This is a sharp cool drink that will be relished on a hot day. A quart of good cider is poured over a large lump of ice in a glass pitcher, and the top is decorated with slices of sour apples and fresh mint. Just before serving, a club soda is added.

TWENTIETH CENTURY

In this recipe, use as many eggs as there are guests. The yolks and whites of the eggs are separated and two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a gill of water are added to each egg yolk. The whole must be shaken in a shaker until light and creamy. The beaten whites are added, and it is shaken again. Two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, a suspicion of the grated rind, and a little vanilla are used as flavouring. It is then turned into the glasses and heaped on top with whipped cream.

ICE AND SNOW

This delicious cooling beverage should be served in sherbert cups. It is made with twelve stalks of fresh mint cut fine, pounded to a pulp, and mixed with the juice of two lemons and a syrup, made by boiling together a pound of sugar and a quart of water. It is strained and frozen in an ice cream freezer until it is like wet snow.

PARIS PUTS THE WAR OUT OF MIND

(Continued from page 52)

tion in cut is the suggestion of panniers shown in the frock of ivory coloured tussor sketched at the lower left on page 49. Another gown at Chéruit's showed the pannier idea, having on each side a line of the same shirring as that shown in the sketch; this pulls up an overdress with small panniers.

No one who has compared the various collections of the big houses, however, complains of lack of variety. At Lanvin's, besides many novelties of detail, there is the new line, bloused in the back and tight at the front. Worn by Lanvin's dainty mannequins, this fashion is attractive; it is shown in a typical way in a young girl's frock of almond green satin. The details of shirring and embroidery are carried out with needlework exquisite enough to rival that seen on those eighteenth-century gowns which care has preserved for us in the museum. This frock is intended for an eighteen-year-old girl and is shown at the right on page 52 with its companion, an engaging arrangement of gold and green shot faille with an overdress of white net embroidered in a Chinese motif. With her white chip bonnet trimmed with dark blue ribbon to match her belt, she looks like an illustration for "Pride and Prejudice."

The third frock on page 52 shows the mode as it is suggested by Lanvin for a ten or twelve-year-old girl. The frock is of a sort of Georgette crepe, called "Turco," which is a specialty of this house. It is embroidered in a Japanese fashion with blue roses and their leaves, and the faille ribbon to match is tied negligently about the unconfined waist. The hat is a big eighteenth-century capeline of leghorn, bound about the crown with a blue satin ribbon and trimmed with a group of appliqué roses in pink and a blue matching the embroidery of the frock.

CALLOT AND FULNESS

The Callot gowns show an interesting tendency to fulness. This tendency was first shown by Callot last autumn, and in November and December, 1918, Vogue published models showing these circular cut frocks, hung from the shoulders. The same idea is repeated in the black net gown sketched at the top of page 51 and worn by Florence Walton at one of the many soirées at which she is dancing with Maurice, who is still in his ambulance uniform. Over a short narrow underdress of satin is hung this circular gown of net, swinging out with the movement of the dance in a manner to make one forget the attraction of the narrow silhouette. Also notable for fulness is the frock of brown tulle and taffeta, named for Miss Walton, which is sketched at the upper left on the same page. In a season in which sleeves for evening frocks are conspicuous by their absence, it is amusing to see these elbow sleeves in a gown which New York would probably consider more appropriate for afternoon wear. The pinked taffeta ruchings are another amusing detail borrowed from an earlier cen-

tury. The Callot frock sketched at the lower left on the same page, shows another use of the long fringes with which Paris is garnishing everything this spring. And the fourth Callot model, sketched at the lower right on page 51, is the one which Florence Walton wore for the reception at the Salle Hoche.

When the American woman once more begins to come to Paris to buy clothes and collaborate with her dressmaker over the making of them, it will be interesting to watch her reaction to the French idea of the silhouette. Since the war, New York has not seen many French clothes as actually worn by the French *mondaine*, but has had an opportunity to see them only as presented on manikins at the New York houses. The same system of developing a mode exists in America as in Paris. A novelty is launched, at the theatre, the races, the openings of the big houses, or wherever it may be. Then comes the adaptation of the novelty to the individual needs of the smart woman, by means of consultation and collaboration between herself and her dressmaker.

REUNITING NEW YORK AND PARIS

Before the war, well-dressed American women came to Paris for this collaboration with the great houses, and a subtle interpretation of the mode to suit the American type was the result. This has, of necessity, been missing since the war, when the only smart American women that Paris has seen have been in uniform. The consequence is that the American woman has made this adaptation of the mode for her simplified war-time wardrobe alone, or in cooperation with a New York dressmaker, and a different version of the silhouette has been developed. There is no denying that the French type and the American type are widely divergent. The typical Parisienne is of almost less than medium height according to American standards; she may be slender, but she is always rounded. Her head gives the effect of being much larger than the American head, as the face is larger, with marked features, and is seen to greatest advantage in profile. One sees more good profiles in a day in Paris than in a month in America. The clever dressmaker knew that once his modes were adapted to the American woman, she would wear them in a fashion to bring him credit, and it is for that reason that he is anxiously awaiting for the ban on travel to be lifted. As the difficulties of food, manufacturing, and transportation decrease, this *rapprochement* between New York and Paris will undoubtedly be reestablished. For the present, it takes not a little time to accustom the eye to the Paris silhouette; when worn by a woman of distinction the effect is as excellent as one can imagine, but otherwise, according to the New York idea, it is perilously "Broadway." But this only proves once more the truth of the saying that the manner of wearing a mode is more important than the mode itself.

M. H.



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Alinari

The delicate silver foliage of the olive-trees, rising from their twisted trunks, mantles the slopes of Tivoli with the gentleness of a summer mist and shelters shepherds with their flocks as in the old days of Theocritus

GREEN ENCHANTMENT OF ROME

(Continued from page 69)

der still beneath these branches with their flocks, transport one to the days of Theocritus, and one hears in fancy the pastoral song or the pipes that played sweet music two thousand years ago under just such trees. Minerva knew the practical value of the olive to mankind when she won in her contest with Neptune. "Wine within and oil without," was an ancient saying of the Italians, a formula for happiness and health which they follow even to-day and with notable success.

But perhaps no one could say better, or even half so well, what Ruskin has said of the olive-tree:

"It is well to have seen and felt the olive-tree; to have loved it for Christ's sake, partly also for the beloved Wisdom's sake which was to the heathen in some sort as the nobler Wisdom which stood at God's right hand, when he founded the earth and established the heavens; to have loved it, even to the hoary dimness of its delicate foliage, subdued and faint of hue, as if the ashes of the Gethsemane agony had been cast upon it forever; and to have traced, line by line, the gnarled writhing of its intricate branches, and the pointed fretwork of its light and narrow leaves, inlaid on the blue field of the sky, and the small rosy white stars of its spring blossoming, and the beads of sable fruit scattered along its topmost boughs—the right, in Israel, of the stranger, the fatherless and the widow—and, more than all, the softness of the mantle, silver grey and tender like the down on a bird's breast, with which, far away, it veils the modulation of the mountains."

ARCHITECTURAL EFFECT OF TREES

In America we appear to have neglected the architectural advantages of trees; or perhaps we are prejudiced in favour of letting them develop their decorative effect untrained. Perhaps,

too, our lack of patience has had something to do with the matter. Surely the Romans have had to wait centuries to get the full value of tree planting. One has only to look at a Piranesi print of the Villa D'Este to realize how many years were needed to gain the beautiful effect now given by its cypresses; for when the original drawings of the Villa were made, the cypresses had not yet been planted.

PLANTING FOR OUR GRANDCHILDREN

Still, if we begin now, at least our grandchildren will thank us. The pine avenues planted by early settlers from Charleston make one of the most potent charms of North Carolina to-day—and they were planted over one hundred years ago. They show what we can do with trees. Indeed, all over the South—more than in the middle and Eastern states—one is often delighted with evidences of the old-world influences in the planting of trees. Cedars mark the spot of some old homestead even after the house has crumbled away—and cedars are surely our nearest approach to cypresses.

As for ilex—what have we? They belong to the oak family, but are very distant cousins. Yet New Orleans, with its park of live oaks, might have had a touch of Roman atmosphere if these trees had been trimmed and trained. As for olives, I suppose we are forced by climate to leave them to California, which already has something of the effect of the Italian landscape.

But now that so many Italian houses are being built in America, it would surely be wise to make the attempt to surround such houses with Italian trees. To be able to approach one's villa through an avenue of pines and finally to see the outline of the house silhouetted against a background of towering cedars, would surely be worth waiting the years of a lifetime for.





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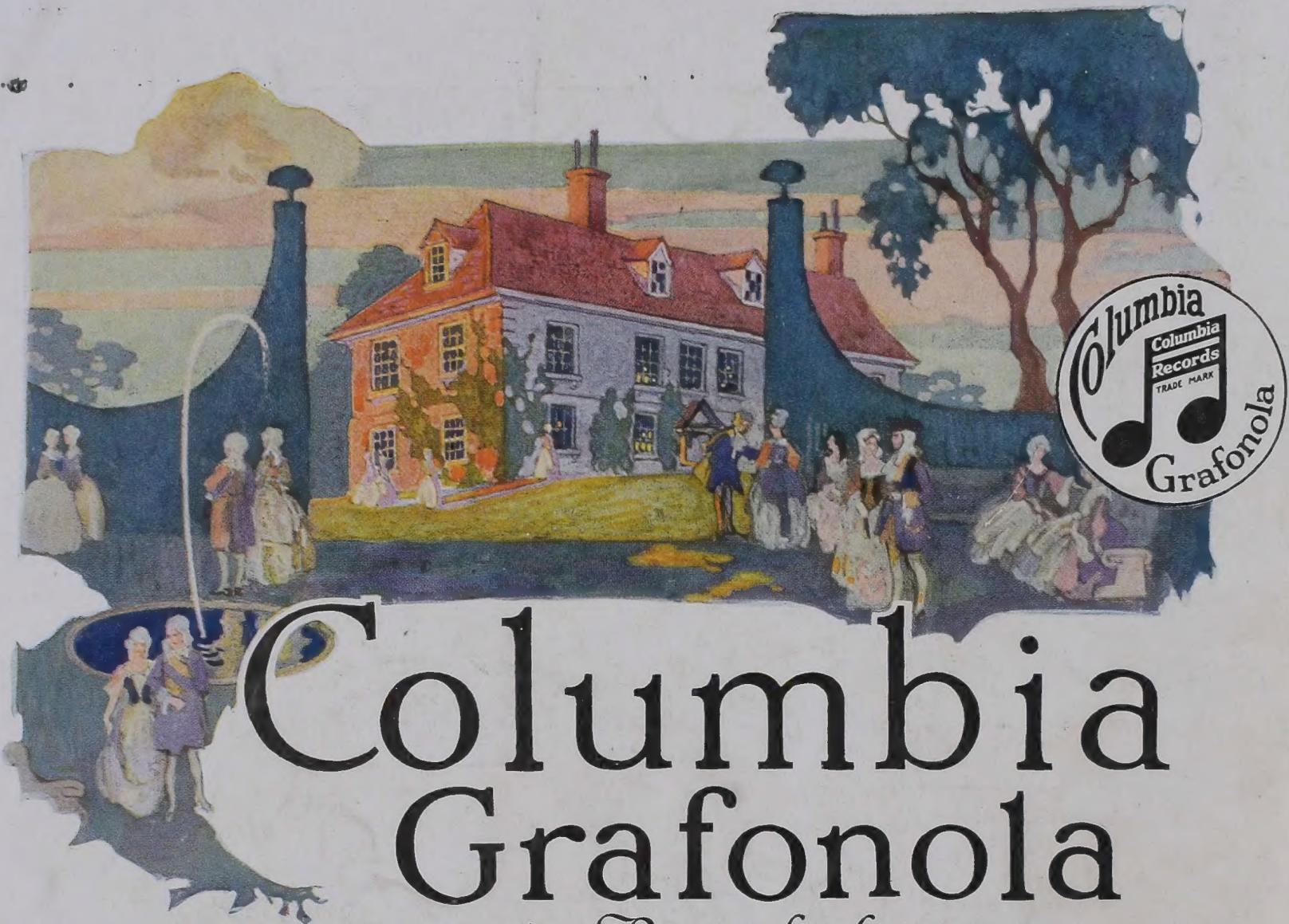
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